THE HISTORY OF Prince *MIRABEL*'s Infancy, Rise and Disgrace:

With the sudden Promotion of

NOVICIUS.

IN WHICH

Are Intermix'd all the INTRIGUES both AMOROUS and POLITICAL relating to those Memorable ADVENTURES: As also the CHARACTERS of the Old and New FAVOURITES of both SEXES in the COURT of *BRITOMARTIA.*

Collected from the MEMOIRS *of a Courtier lately Deceas'd.*

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Printed for *J. Baker*, at the *Black-Boy* in *Paster-Noster-Row.* 1712. Price 1 *s.*

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THE INTRODUCTION.

HOW often have you and I, my Dear Paleinon, *in reading over the Lives of the Ancient Heroes, been distress'd to find out a Character equal to the Illustrious* Mirabel? *How have we tortur'd the Histories of* Alexander *and* Cæsar, *and lengthned out their Glories to make them meet our Heroes? How far* Pericles, *that wise* Athenian *General, and* Timolean *the Brave* Corinthian, *have been Distanc'd in our Esteem, when we came to Comparisons? With what Transports have you and I run over the scatter'd Wonders of his Heroick Course, and dwelt sometimes a full Day upon one Important Action? How Passionately have we long'd to see all his Beauty Collected, and even the Accidents of so Momentous a Life gather'd up and made Sacred to Posterity? In fine, How eager have we been to see any fine Draughts of that Great Original, and even*

the ſmalleſt Features touch'd by a Maſterly Hand? What has been ſo ardently coveted, my Dear Palemon, *is at laſt anſwer'd to our Wiſhes? The Hiſtory of* Mirabel, *with all his important Actions, memorable Events, and minute Circumſtances of his Life is fallen into my Hands, attended with this Particular, that whereas the greateſt Heroes are ſeldom trac'd up higher then the firſt Dawn of Reaſon, in theſe* MEMOIRS *a Remarkable Occurrance at his Birth is mention'd, with all the ſurpriſing Events of his Infancy. You know how Incredulous I am in Affairs of this Nature, and therefore may conclude that what I have pronounc'd to be Genuine, is grounded upon Authorities not to be ſhaken: But it's poſſible you will be Inquiſitive, and puſh my Confidence in this kind to an open diſcovery of the means whereby ſo Valuable and Authentick a Manuſcript came into my Hand: I ſhall endeavour to give you as much Light into the Secret as may convince you of the Truth of the Facts related, tho' I cannot without breaking my Truſt make it entirely Demonſtrative. The firſt Scene of Life from his Birth to his admiſſion into the Court of* Britomartia, *was Drawn by the Old Cavaliero* Mirabel, *and Seal'd up carefully, with an Inſcription which ſufficiently made out the import of the Contents. This, amongſt many other valuable Collections, was ſold after his Deceaſe,*

Deceaſe, thro' the Incurionſneſt of the Family, and fell into the Hands of a Vertuoſo, *after having paſs'd ſeveral Stages of Inſpection without due regard: This Perſon having got ſo great a length of his Character, and being in conſtant Attendance upon the Court of* Britomartia, *and withal, obſerving in his Mein and Countenance all the ſtrong Preſages of a ſurpriſing Greatneſs, had the Curioſity to continue the Journal of every remarkable Event that related to* Mirabel: *He ſaw in him all the Prudence, Conduct, Capacity and Genius that was requiſite to the forming of one of the brighteſt Characters in the Court, and riſing to a Superiority over all in time, and therefore deſign'd thoſe Minutes of that great Man's Life as a Standard for every Courtier to Riſe by. This* Virtuoſo *dying juſt at the cloſe of* Mirabel's *Reſignation of his Court Employments under the Emperor* Aurantio, *left theſe* MEMOIRS *in the Hands of his* Jatrico, *which is the ſame as a Phyſician in this Climate, who continued the Remarkable Paſſages of his Life to the great Revolution in the Court of* Britomartia, *and dying, left them to* Rofferio, *a* Mandarine *of the Empire, who himſelf but a ſmall time ſurviv'd the Change. The branches of that Family not being ſufficiently acquainted with the Worth of ſuch a Regiſtry, paſs'd it in common, with the*

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Antiquated Books and looſe Papers; amongſt which, a Friend of mine happen'd to light upon it. The ſeveral Paſſages Recorded, and Periods of time are mark'd by the reſpective Authors, and by the ſeveral Punctualities obſerv'd through the whole Series of the Hiſtory, it looks as if it was deſign'd to be plac'd amongſt the Archives of the Empire.

Theſe MEMOIRS *are digeſted into* Three Parts; *The* Firſt Part (*for I join that of the* Cavalerio's *and* Vertuoſo's *together*) *carries him through the ſeveral Stages of his Infancy, Youth and Manhood, the agreeable Mixtures of Buſineſs and Amour, to the Reſignation of all his Commands under the Emperor* Aurantio:

In that Scene you will diſcover a promiſing Bloom, a bold diſcloſure of Greatneſs, a vigour of Soul not to be match'd, an Addreſs irreſiſtable with the Fair; a dexterity in Buſineſs ſurpaſſing all Mankind.

The Second Part *begins with the Reaſſumption of his Command, and a perfect Recovery of the Emperor's Favour, and Enlargement of his Commiſſion; then leads you through a variety of important Buſineſs devolv'd upon his Hands by the Death of the Emperor; enters you into all the private Negotiations at Home, the Struggles of two* Juncto's *of the ſame Party in the Court of* Britomartia *upon*

upon the Empreſs Palatina's *Acceſſion to the Empire, opens the Foreign Cabinets, brieſly Deſcants upon* Mirabel's *Godlike Labours, his uninterrupted Succeſſes and Triumphs; ſets the firſt Attempt of* Novicius's *Treachery upon* Mirabel *and his Friends in a true Light; Vindicates the Reſentment of* Mirabel; *and in fine explains the Reaſons for his abandoning* Novicius *and his* Junctillo: *In this Scene you'll find the Influences of* Mirabel's *Conduct Abroad and at Home, the prudent Settlement of the Court of* Britomartia, *in order to a vigorous Promotion of his future great Undertakings Abroad. Here you will find him Terrible in Arms, Humbling Tyrants, Thundring on the Plain, Routing Millions of Oppoſers, forcing Paſſes almoſt inacceſſible, extending his Glorious Arms to the Cliffs of* Alpino, *and leaving a Monument of Immortality behind him. In this Mirrour you will ſee the livelieſt Image of Ingratitude,* Novicius *rais'd by* Mirabel's *peculiar Care, and cheriſh'd by his Beams, baſely Supplanting him; as likewiſe a formidable Power rais'd out of low and deſpicable Intereſts, improv'd by conſtant Application, ſo as to ſhake the firſt Favourites of* Britomartia.

The Third Part *opens with the Second Attempt of* Novicius *to Undermine* Mirabel *and his* Partizano's; *Diſcloſes the Secret of* Novicius's *Admiſſion to the Empreſs; his*

Reception

Reception; the Measures concerted about a Change; the ridiculus Accidents concurring to it; the Characters of both Sexes concern'd in it; the contrariety of Sentiments in which it was founded. Amongst these loose Papers was found a small Manuscript carefully ty'd round, written in a different Character, wherein was a Plan for the Exterpation of the whole Line of Mirabel; *the gradual Steps that were to be taken, the Opportunities that were to be made use off; the Numbers of those that had join'd and of those that would come in; The Neuters. The Friends of* Mirabel *were all prick'd down; several Topicks of Slander were Writ at full length, which were to be scatter'd Abroad to lessen his Character amongst the People, and various Schemes drawn to Ruin his Interest with the Empress.*

This is certainly the most valuable piece of the Collection, because it lets one into the darkest Part of the Secret, and agrees so exactly with the Measures taken to bring about his Disgrace, that I am more and more confirm'd in the Genuineſs of the Plan; so that the Blow which seem'd to the World to come unexpected, had been gathering Strength for some time, and the labour'd Contrivance of Mirabel's *Enemies from the very Minute of their thrusting themselves into Power; but they were oblig'd to wait the Courtesie of Time for a favourable Opportunity of blasting the Merit of Prince* Mirabel, *which they knew*

was fix'd deep on the Hearts of the Britomartians, *and must for ever have dispair'd of shaking it in the Course of Honour, and open Road of Sincerity.*

Here, my Dear Palemon, *you must expect a chill Fit, at Reading over the Base and Ungenerous Methods taken by Men of affected Love for the Rules of Honour and their Country: Here you'll see all Sacrific'd to dire Revenge and mad Ambition: Here you'll find all the Secret Engines of Treachery at work, and no vile Stratagem left unattempted to carry on the Black Design.*

You see, my Dear Palemon, *it's not a sufficient State Revenge barely to exclude from high Trust and Dominion! but there must be Crimes of the first Magnitude accompany all Favourites in Disgrace, to make them expire in Dishonour. They must pay for all the Sweets of their delicious Life in bitter Reflections, and submit to the same Indignities as if they were guilty of the Crimes imputed, and must suffer a sort of Widowhood some time in the Esteem of the People, overcast with Clouds, and cover'd with Veils.*

You will from henceforth think there is less Humanity practis'd in Courts, then in the most Savage Dens and Wildest Caves: You will from henceforward be in Love with rude Mountains and uncultivated Hills, and never covet the Momentary Sunshine of that Climate were chilling Blasts succeed and de-

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ſtroy the Memory of thoſe kindly Beams. I know you will dwell with Wonder upon that part of the Hiſtory which informs you by what a mean and contemptible Intereſt ſo ſtrong a Frame was firſt looſen'd and then diſſolv'd, and will be at a ſtand which to admire, either the Folly, or Madneſs of the firſt Attempt. You will be amaz'd to think a Power ſo well Guarded, ſo Meritorious, and every Day rendring it ſelf more conſiderable, ſhould not be able to make a Stand againſt two of the weakeſt Politico's, *without the ſupport of Alliances, Fortune, or even Names of much Credit in* Britomartia: *It will be no Surprize to you that the* Madonna's *had a great Hand in this Change; their Influences ſpread wide, and extend to every part of Life; but there were very few concern'd here, and thoſe of the loweſt Character. Still what will alarm you, is, that all this great Machine could be mov'd by ſuch weak Inſtruments, who were all Diffident of each other, that knew not how far to carry it, or what buttom to fix upon, and the Records of* Britomartia *generally agree they ow'd the ſhort Succeſs of their Project more to the Humour of Novelty, then reigning in the People, than to any well conducted Meaſures of their own: But you'll ſay,* Palemon, *they were bold Projectors, and what they wanted in Policy they made up in the greatneſs of the Attempt.*

If this ſucceeds, ſend me word, and the next Mail *ſhall waft you over the* Second.

THE

THE SECRET HISTORY OF Prince *Mirabel's* DISGRACE, &c.

IN tracing the Fall of Great and Illuſtrious Men, it can be no *Waſte* of Time to make a ſhort Deſcant upon their blooming Appearances in the World, to mark the Early Steps they made, and keep pace-breaſt with them through the whole Race of Honours they have ran, in order to form right Apprehenſions of the Force of their Genius, and that by obſerving the ſeveral Meaſures taken towards their Promotion, their Deportment in the Height of Favour, the Secret Springs of Court-Competition, and in fine, weighing all the Circumſtances concurring to their Diſgrace, we may the better determine how far their own proper

Merit contributed to their Promotion, and whether they were cruſh'd by the Weight of their own Ill Conduct, by the Aſcendant of their Enemies, or born down by an irreſiſtible Fate.

Some have in all Ages been advanc'd to the higheſt Pinnacle of Honour, meerly through a capricious Fancy without any ſubſtantial Merit, and being look'd upon as State-Minions, ſupport their Luſtre only with the reflected Beams of their Prince's Favour. Others have been promoted by a ſpecious ſhew of Merit, and a little exteriour Addreſs; but not being equal to all the extenſive Branches of ſo great a Charge were ſoon laid aſide, and buried in Oblivion. The Ambition and puſhing Spirit of a third ſort has put them upon ſoliciting large Truſts, which they had not Steddineſs and Temper enough to manage; and their Heads not being well-pois'd, they have been preſently over-turn'd, and became the Sport of Fortune, whilſt another Cleſs of Men have been rais'd purely to ſerve a Turn, or gratify the Spleen of ſeparate Intereſts, and ſo being meer Tools of Neceſſity, or in the Quality of Stipendiaries to a more powerful Agent, are of no farther Uſe when the Turn is ſerv'd, and ſeldom arrive to the full Manhood of Greatneſs.

I ſhall not in the enſuing Hiſtory pretend to lay down any Cautionary Schemes to Favourites

vourites in Power, there being no Rules of perpetuating a Man's Greatneſs ſo infallible, but what a thouſand unforeſeen Accidents may diſſolve; and tho' the *Term* of Favour ſeems to be either ſhorter or more laſting, in proportion to the Conduct obſerv'd in thoſe High Stations, yet there are ſome certain Criſis's which the coolest Heads, and warmeſt Hearts, cannot get over, but are oppreſs'd by the Malignity of a Prevailing Faction.

In Courts it's rarely found that Two Great Favourites have equal Confidence with their Prince, and it's ſafer to be in the middle Rank of Court Stations, than to be but one Remove from the firſt Poſt of Favour where there is a Competition a foot. For if one has never ſo little the Aſcendant, and finds his Rival claiming a Parity in the Prince's Favour, he ſoon ripens that Indulgence to a Monopoly, and then by having entire Poſſeſſion of the Royal Ear, has various Opportunities of ſowing Jealouſies of his Adverſary's Demeanour, till he has improv'd them to a Diſguſt, eſpecially where the Prince leans to any degree of Credulity, and has not Strength of Mind to diſtinguiſh between the real and important Services of the One, and the plauſible Inſinuations of the Other.

There is likewiſe a certain *Diatheſis*, as the Phyſicians call it, in the Paſſions of the

Multitude as well as in the Blood, at which time all the ſluggiſh Humours are diſcharg'd, and during that Ferment, the greateſt Men are liable to be born down the Stream of Popular Reſentments.

But to return to the Illuſtrious *Mirabel*. Tho' the Infancy of moſt Perſons is deſervedly paſs'd over, as containing little of Importance, yet his tender Minutes had ſomething too remarkable in them to be neglected: For not to mention that he came into the World with the Membrane *Amnios* entire, which encloſes the *Fœtus* and is by thoſe who Divine by *Amniomancy* allow'd a certain Preſage of good Fortune and gives the riſe to that Proverbial Saying of *The Child is wrapt in his Mother's Smock*; I ſay, not to lay any great Streſs upon that, his Infancy was attended with two conſiderable Events.

At Six Years of Age ſporting with a Companion of his in the Fields, his Play-fellow was ſuddenly blaſted with a Flaſh of Lightning, and ſtruck down to the Ground, while only a Skirt of this Young Hero's Garment was ſing'd. Unmov'd at the Spectacle, he endeavour'd with all the officious Marks of Kindneſs to recover him, and make him ſpeak: But perceiving them ineffectual, he ſat down by his ſide, and dreſs'd his Infant Friend out with Graſs and Chaplets of wild Flowers, 'till a Servant, who was ſent out

in ſearch of him, came and conducted him home.

So miraculous an Eſcape, and ſuch a Preſence of Mind upon ſo frightful an Accident, fill'd the Neighbouring Plain with Amazement: From that Hour the Men of Reflexion began to entertain ſtrong Ideas of his Future Greatneſs; and it was the common Topick of Converſation, for ſome time, that his Tutelar Genius had reſcu'd him from that eminent Danger, in order to be a Publick Bleſſing and Benefactor to Mankind.

In the ſame Year, approaching too near the Cage of a Vultur which was kept in the Court-yard of the Dome, and thruſting his Hand into the Cage in deriſion, the Vultur being throughly vex'd, and hungry withal, ſeiz'd his Hand in one of her Talons, which was in ſome meaſure defended by a thick Glove he had on: The brave Youth no ways ſhock'd at the Danger of this Aſſault, pluck'd a tame Pigeon out of his boſom, and lur'd the ravenous Bird from the Prey he had under his Claws with ſo cheap a ſacrifice, 'till he found an Opportunity to diſengage himſelf.

Theſe Events how trifling ſoever they may ſeem, and not worthy to be rank'd amongſt the ſtupendous Actions of his advanc'd Years, yet conſidering the Bravery and Intrepidity with which they were en-

counter'd, and at an Age when Fear and Weakneſs poſſeſs the whole Frame, were ſure Prophecies of a Mind not eaſy to be diſturb'd by any Appearances of Danger, and never to be broke by the moſt preſſing Menaces of Fate.

It is not my Province at this time to Blazon his Family, to run back into a Gulph of Antiquity, and fetch his Deſcent from the Ruins of old *Troy*, from the *Perſian* or Imperial Line, (tho' the Court of Honour in *Britannia* would be no loſer in that reſearch) ſuffice it that he immediately deſcended from an Honeſt, Loyal and Reputable Houſe: The old Cavaliero *Mirabel* ſoon found by the turn of his Soul he was fitted for the Enterprising part of Life; for ſetting at Table one day when he was very young, with ſome Perſons of diſtinction in the *Palatio di Mirturno*, one of the Company giving a lively Deſcription of the Bravery of the firſt Founder of the Houſe of *Amantio*, and ſetting forth the Generous Succour he gave to his diſtreſſed Country; this Gallant Youth, keeping his Eyes fix'd upon the Perſon, broke forth into this ſurpriſing Queſtion, *And are there no more Countries left to redeem? I would lay out a thouſand Lives in ſo Glorious a Cauſe.*

This early ſenſe of Liberty, join'd with a glorious Emulation of treading the ſame Pat-

Path of Honour with that Immortal Hero in defence of his Country, gave a pleasing Alarum to the whole Board, and resembled the saying of *Themistocles*, when he was but raw in Arms, *That the Trophies of* Miltiades *would not let him sleep.*

This Elevation of Soul soon discovering it self in all the Indifferent Actions of Life as well as in the more refin'd, gave his Father such Transports as he was not able to conceal; but cherishing these Seeds of Glory in him, and cultivating them with the Noblest Examples borrow'd from *Livy*, *Polybius*, *Cornelius Nepos*, and *Plutarch*, he promis'd himself a Glorious Harvest from so rich and luxuriant a Soil.

Having run through all the Exercises proper for a Gentleman who was to come abroad in the World, and from the hopeful Dawn likely to make a bright Figure on the Theatre of it, his Father's Inclinations (concurring with his own) determin'd all these blooming Hopes to the Emperor *Soliman's* Court.

The Vein and Humour of the Court was so particular at that time, when young *Mirabel* was first entred, that a small Digression will find Pardon from the curious. The Emperor after a tedious Captivity being restor'd to a full Exercise of his Power, and ador'd by his Subjects, in full Peace at Home, and dreading no Interruption from Abroad,

was reſolv'd to ſacrifice the remainder of Life to his happier Genius. As he was a Prince of the fineſt Taſt of the Age, Amorous, Good-humour'd, and Degagee, he shew'd peculiar Indulgences to all that had any reliſh in his way. The Court was ſoon throng'd with all the Young and Gay *Mandarines* of *Britomartis*, which are equal to our Men of Quality in this part of the World.

The Amorous Complexion of the Emperor, and the tender Frame of his whole Court, ſoon took Air: The lovelyeſt *Madonna's* of the Empire were fir'd with the warm Report, and flock'd thither in numbers, and could not fail of a kind Reception from ſo indulgent a Monarch, they came dreſs'd out with all the Attractives of Nature and of Art, and none were found ſo ſtubborn to oppoſe them. The Court fell nothing ſhort of the deſcription they had heard. Wherever they caſt their Eyes they ſpy'd *Cupids* fluttering, and wanton Doves dispenſing Love, and every Soul prim'd warm with Paſſion: None ſpread her ſilken Net in vain: Some fir'd with Ambition of making the Emperor captive, employ'd all their little tender Wiles to take him: The eaſy Prince, not jealous of the Snare, was ſoon entangled. Others imploy'd on leſs noble Quarry's ſucceeded in the Toils they had laid; no body was ſecure when Love

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lay in Ambush in every corner, and in a short time the whole Court was taken Prisoners, and hugg'd the Downy Chain.

The Master of the Revels at that time was *Dorseria*, the most Elegant Judge of Pleasure in the Universe. His Taste was so refin'd that every Entertainment which fell under his Direction, exceeded the Poetical Banquet of the Gods. The Day was measur'd out by Wit, the Night by Love. The Emperor *Salax* sometimes would in a sportive Humour retire with his *Madonna's* into a large Room of polish'd Chrystals, and set like *Paris* upon the Prize of naked Beauty. At other times he would affect *Jupiter Olympius* upon a rais'd Throne, and keep his State till all his Goddesses approach'd him, and then dropping his Scepter, confess himself Mortal to the *Venus* of the Circle. In the Hot Months the Humour would take him to solemnize the *Priapeia* in Honour of the God *Priapus*; at which time there was a general Loose proclaim'd to Love.

On those Festivals, that wanton Deity's Altars smoak'd with the rich Steams of tender Victims: The Matrons rigid Vows were melted: the sprightly Widows rifled of all their hidden Sweets; the Maids no longer confess'd a Virgin Bloom: the ravishing Blush was heighten'd in the amorous Congress, and opening Flowers were rudely torn from their tender stalks.

The Emperor though never ſatiated with Love's Revels, yet ſometimes would change the Scene of his Diverſion. He had a ſmall Iſland in the Forreſt of *Jacobine*, adjacent to his Palace, to which he us'd to retire with his *Madonna's*; the ambient Waters were prodigally ſtor'd with variety of Fowl, and the Iſland ſhaded from any Inſpection. Though the Paſſage was but ſhort from the main Land, yet the Emperor would have all the Ceremony obſerv'd, as if he had been to take a larger ſtretch: The Yatchs were richly enamell'd; the Deck was inlaid with all the Curioſities of Nature in Beaſts, Birds and Fiſhes, and the moſt beautiful Variegations of Flowers; the Carving was ſo exquiſite, that it wav'd in the Air upon the leaſt Breeze; the Lining was of the richeſt Atlas's; on the cieling of the Cabin ſeveral amorous Adventures were lively repreſented, as *Jupiter's* love's with *Danae* and *Io*, and *Europa*, *Mars* cuckolding of *Vulcan*, *Apollo* purſuing *Daphne*, and many Rapes of Gods and Men.

In this Iſland a rich Tent was ſet up of an incredible Length, and convenient Breadth, with little Apartments running out from the main Area. Here it was that he kept a ſort of a mad Feſtival, in imitation of the *Lupercalia*, which was in this manner: After the coſtly Banquet was ended, and *Hercules's* Bowl came in to crown the Feaſt, the

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Madonna's retir'd into their several Apartments, where they bath'd in Waters deep scented with Orange Flowers and Jessamine: The Priest that attended those Religious Rites had the watch-word entrusted to him when the *Madonna's* should come forth, and as soon as the Emperor and his Mandarines were strip'd naked, and provided with Rods of Myrtle, every one took his station, according to the Direction of *Babmajur*, the Master of those Ceremonies. Upon the word *Congrediamur* given by the Priest, the *Madonna's* arm'd, rush'd out naked, and gently tripping before their respective Lovers receiv'd the first tender Lash, upon which the *Madonna's* turn'd upon the *Mandarines*, and then mutually stroaking each other with these Myrtle Rods, 'till the Blood was put into a violent motion, they fell, upon a Signal given, into a regular Dance, and having perform'd their Parts, turn'd off in Pairs into the Apartments provided.

Those were the very Bowers of Bliss. All that the finest Flavours, the richest Viands, the softest Repose, the most transporting Charms of fine Limbs, azure Veins, the smoothest and fairest Skins, the most pointed Ogles, the eagerest Caresses, the warmest Sighs and gentlest Murmurs could inspire, were to be found in that Epitome of Human Race.

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As the Monarch was the eaſyeſt and beſt humour'd Man alive, ſo the whole Court faſhion'd themſelves by his Humour: And what render'd thoſe Entertainments ſo delicious was, that no Jealouſy reign'd amongſt theſe Knights of the Petticoat, and Ladies of the Battoon. Love's Darts were thrown promiſcuouſly at each other, but the Stings did not pierce deep, or dwelt long enough to feſter. Enchanting Muſick fill'd up all the Vacancies of this Luxurious Life, and no Pleaſure grew languid under their Hands. Paſt Delights met returning Joys in the Grand Round, and they beat quick Time in all their Recreations.

Thus complexion'd and thus entranc'd in Bliſs was the Court of *Britomartia*, when Young *Mirabel* made his firſt Appearance: there happen'd to be a ſplendid Ball given by *Sulax* the Emperor that very Night he was introduc'd, and upon that occaſion a Rendevouz of ſparkling Dames, and glittering Dreſſes. Young *Mirabel* tho' at that time not diſtinguiſh'd by Titles, or conſiderable in Figure, yet had all the exterior Advantages that a fine Shape and Mien could give him, and his Soul was no leſs enrich'd with all the Properties of Knowledge that are neceſſary to a Gentleman. He had all the Perfections of Mind and Body that were capable of making an entire Conqueſt over the Hearts of Women, and

Engagements that few Persons of his own Sex were prepar'd to resist. His Stature was of the most exact Eminence; his Limbs admirably proportion'd; his Features and his Voice interchangeably captivating; a full and serene Forehead; a sprightly Look; agreeable mixtures of white and red in his Complexion; his Gate free from affectation; a Freedom in his Deportment mix'd with Sweetness and Boldness, which inspir'd Love and Respect.

The Simplicities of his Childhood were attended with an Air of Politeness, and there was a Natural Grace and Comeliness in every thing he said or did: From the first dawn of Reason he form'd his Manners by the best Models of Behaviour, and this Gracefulness was wonderfully improv'd by a progress in all the Gentile Exercises that belong to Youths of Quality: This join'd with such a decency of Carriage, such apt Motions, and such a freedom of Limbs, could not fail of making him look'd on with an Eye of Distinction in so curious and observing a Court.

Tho' the largeness of his Conversation with the best, and the Manlyness of his Temper, had fortify'd him with Presence of Mind to keep up all the Regularities of Behaviour amongst Persons of the First Rank, yet the Grandure of that Assembly gave him a momentary Surprize at the first

Glance,

Glance, and he lay upon the reserve: However the Glimpses the whole Court, and especially the *Madonna's* had of his Person, gave a handle for many warm Discourses about him after the Ball was ended, and some conscious Colours in the Cheeks of those that commended him.

Where has this young beautiful *Adonis* liv'd to this day, that he has not been heard of, says one, that he has not been the subject of one Pastoral? Sure some happy *Venus* of the Plain has out of burning jealousy kept him from the dangerous commerce of Courts and populous Assemblies. There is something in his Mien, says another, that breaths more than Rural; he has stole out to play from his suspicious Paramour, and learnt these Graces from more than one. A third fir'd beyond concealment, fairly confess'd the Flexibility of her Soul, and that he had captivated all her Senses.

Thus *Mirabel* upon his first Appearance wounded without premeditate Malice, and pierc'd the Hearts of the Fair without drawing his Bow. That Night *Mirabel*, tho' he had done so much mischief innocently to others, yet was not altogether free from Uneasiness: The quick Glances that darted from all those polish'd Chrystals in the fair Circle, sensibly charm'd his Soul, and retiring forthwith to his Chamber, he began

to

to expostulate with himself, what singularity of Behaviour he had practic'd, what indecency of Gesture, what Folly he had been guilty of; and running over the Conduct of the whole Night, he could not charge himself with one wrong step. At length, says he, shall I place those melting Looks, those fond Messages from the Eyes of the Fair, those Love dispatches, to my Good Fortune? Shall I perswade my self they were owing to any Attraction on my side? Forgive that Thought ye Powers if I flatter my self unjustly upon this occasion; but if there is truth in what the Vigour of my Blood inspires me with, be prosperous to my Adventures.

He went to Bed, but not to Rest: His Heart throb'd all that Night, and his Pulse beat high. Towards the Morning his Spirits were somewhat compos'd, and he slept confusedly for a few hours. During that short Repose, he fancy'd *Mars* and *Cupid* at his Bed's feet exchanging hands, and agreeing to employ all their force and stratagems to make him happy in Love, and terrible in War. *Mars* gently touch'd his Temples with his Spear, which was a Ceremony of Admission into his Service; and *Cupid* graz'd an Arrow over his Head. When he awak'd he reflected upon his Dream, and tho' no ways superstitious, yet the Trance was pleasing, and he embrac'd it as a good Omen.

In

In a few days he was enter'd into *Draco's* Service, the Brother of the Emperor *Sulax*, in Quality of an *Honorato* in the Family. Here he was in the way of being known, and the *Madonna's*, upon the first News, congratulated their own good Fortune in the Choice *Draco* had made. His Genius, bent to Arms, was cherish'd by *Draco*, and he soon made him a Vexillan in the Prætorian Cohorts.

From that moment his Soul beat strong to Action; the Plans and Fortifications he was continually making in his Apartment; the marking out Passes and Camps upon Charts; the remarkable Battles and Sieges he turn'd down in the Histories of the most daring Enterprizes, and that share the several Heroes had in them; with the pleasant Emotions he discover'd in all his Conversation upon Warlike Subjects, shew'd there was something more than Amusement design'd by these first Sketches of Glory; and that this noble Ardour for War could not be long restrain'd.

The distinguish'd Energy of Soul that flam'd in young *Mirabel* (amongst the many Admirers he daily gain'd) drew upon him the Envy of several young Cadeni of the same Age, and engag'd him in some slight Ruffles of Honour, and Prizes of Youthful Chivalry. Passing one day through the *Horto di Privario*, *Chrysis*, one of the Vir-

gins

gins *del Eminentia*, that waited upon the Empreſs, being at a Window that look'd into the Garden with her *Amoretto*, upon *Mirabel*'s caſting his Eyes up careleſly that way, cry'd out with a Stinging Accent, That deadly Youth is not to be born, and fainted by her Lover's ſide; but ſhe ſoon recover'd. This unexpected Diſorder wak'd all the Dormant Paſſions of her Lover's Soul, and he preſs'd her hard to explain the meaning of that ſudden Tranſport, ſhe either thinking he was too Importunate, or willing to have it paſs'd over as a ſudden Flaſh of her Tongue, gave him a ſhort Anſwer, telling him young *Mirabel* knew her meaning beſt: Diſtracted betwixt various Thoughts, and not daring to purſue his Enquiries farther, he, as in all ſuch caſes, turn'd it to the worſt Conſtruction, and fancy'd that *Mirabel* was either his Rival, or had made too free with his Miſtreſſes Honour, and ſo took his leave of her.

The next Morning he meets young *Mirabel* upon the Parado, and whiſpering him to a more convenient Place, told him he had injur'd him in the moſt ſenſible Part, and muſt have Satisfaction. *Mirabel* unappriz'd of what had paſs'd and ſcarce knowing the Lady's Name, told him very calmly, That he had a property in his Eyes, and thought he might diſpoſe of them as he thought fit. The Anſwer inflam'd the Lover more

than before, and he immediately drew: As young *Mirabel* never gave a just Occasion for Quarrels, so he never Declin'd them when they were sought, and after having told him he saw no manner of Occasion for Fighting, he drew, and at the second Pass disabled him in his Sword Arm.

The young Lover being somewhat Feaverish with the Wound he had receiv'd, sent to excuse his Absence to his Mistress, That he was confin'd to his Chamber for a few Days, and withal gave her to understand that his Indisposition had proceeded from a Religious Zeal for her Honour. The Skirmish took Air in a little time: *Chrysis*'s Amoretto, after a short absence, presenting himself before her in hopes of a more than ordinary kind Reception for running such a Hazard in her Service, she told him in an Angry Tone, If you had put out those two Eyes of *Mirabel*, there are Fifty *Madonna*'s at Court would have pull'd out your Heart, and so retir'd into the *Camero de Imperiali*, with such a Severity of Face and Mien, as chill'd all the Blood in the young Lover's Breast.

Tho' the Love of Arms was the Domineering Passion in the Soul of *Mirabel*, yet in a Court of so much Gallantry, where it was accounted almost Criminal not to be in Love, he could not Excuse himself from Sacrificing a few Doves to *Venus* upon some

Occasions.

Occasions. There was at a time in *Dacia's* Court, one *Libissa*, a Cavaliero's Daughter, Young, the Grape just turning, and Beautiful to Enchantment, who waited upon the Princess *Draconia*. Young *Mirabel* and she had interchang'd several pointed Glances, and never could look steadily upon each other without the least degree of Confusion. The Heart readily took the Alarm from the fulness of the Channels, the Pipes being turn'd above, and to ease it self, discharg'd the Crimson Flood up into their Faces: They both knew what either felt: They were satisfy'd their Pains were Mutual; but there was a Secret Pleasure in the Torment that neither of them was officious to remove.

This young Lady often took the Refreshment of Bathing in a Quarter of the Court, which had been much Commodious for that Use, out of a large old Hall that had been a Place of Repair for the lower Servants of the Houshold: *Mirabel* watch'd her Paces too narrowly not to be acquainted with every Step she took; he knew she frequently Bath'd, and rais'd a Thousand Gay Imaginations to himself from the several bewitching Postures he suppos'd her in at those conceal'd Minutes; his Soul was above tampering with her Confident to Gratify his Sight; but he was resolv'd to act like a Love Geomatrician, and curiously mark'd out the Avenues, and measur'd the Paces leading to

the Place. At length having learn'd by indirect Questions, that there was an old Ward-Robe of the Imperial House adjoining to the Bath, which was seldom frequented; he, by his Interest in that Family, soon procur'd himself an unsuspected Admission into that Apartment.

His eager Wishes soon directed him to that side which border'd upon the Bagnio, and sounding the boards carefully, he found a particular Space that seem'd more than ordinary Hollow; the half Board was but thin, and having wrench'd that off with ease, he found a Lettice convenient for his purpose, but choak'd with Dust and Cob-webs, which gave him a full View of the whole Area below, where the Beautiful Nymph came to wash herself. That pass so happily gain'd, and no Person besides in the Secret, gave his Fancy many a pretty Interlude, and he still strengthen'd the Images of these hidden Joys from those which were expos'd, and which no Man alive could see without forfeiting his Liberty and Reason.

That Night wore heavily, The next Day he appear'd more Gay and Brilliant than he had for some time; *Libissa* in her common Discourse exclaiming against the Sultriness of the Day; young *Mirabel* improving the Hint, pretended he must go a Mile out of Town that Day to see a Stud

of fine Horſes that *Draco* had been lately preſented with from the Count of *Flandria-co*, and taking his leave of the Company retir'd to his cloſe Quarters: The tedious Minutes were ſpent in cleanſing the little Creviſes of the Duſt and Mould, in order to enlarge his Proſpect, and having made the Spaces wide enough to devour all *Libiſſa*'s Charms at once, he lay expecting the Arrival of the Fair One.

The Noiſe of a Key turning in the Lock of the Door below, put all his Spirits in Motion, and Summon'd him to his Guard: He ſaw the lovely Nymph enter in a flowing Gown, and her Maid following with Bouquets of Flowers; Ah! *Phalante*, ſays ſhe, if *Mirabel* could have been admitted to this Banquet, he would have preferr'd it to the Curioſity of ſeeing a fine Stud of Horſes: Yes, Madam, reply'd ſhe, and to all things in Nature, except the Glorious Toils of War: The ſtruggle would be but faint, ſays *Libiſſa*, if I had him once faſt in theſe ſoft Chains, and then expoſing her lovely Arms, continu'd ſhe, I would not Deſpair of binding the moſt impetuous Hero of the whole Race in this Circle.

Phalante was buſy in undreſſing the Fair Nymph, and as ſhe was pulling off Nature's cloſeſt Cover, one of the Ribbands of her Sleeve was ty'd in a hard Knot, and all the lovely Waſte of Beauty lay expos'd. Now

form to your self what a Riot *Mirabel* committed with his Eyes! What Glowing Cheeks! What Intermitting Breaths he was seiz'd with at that time!

He saw a small Enclosure in that vast Field of exquisite Beauty, beyond Expression Fair, and as if it was set thick with *Tuberoses*, with a Gentle Declivity that terminated in a Bed of Silky Moss. At the Foot of the Vail, an Oval Space that bespoke a Fountain, supported with two Pillars finer than any *Parian* Marble: In that beatifick Minute what Trilling Agonies did young *Mirabel* sustain, to be within sight of Heaven, and yet confin'd by slavish Rites from entring there?

He saw *Libissa* enter the Bath, and some Recesses lying still more open to his View, she Bath'd, she Flutter'd and Danc'd upon the Artificial Surges like some Goddess of the Flood, and *Mirabel* was her constant Song. After having Refresh'd her self, she came forth looking as Beautiful as *Apelles*' *Venus* rising out of the Sea, and sitting upon the edges of the Fountain to have her Skin rub'd and dry'd. The richest Bud of swelling Nature was in View, and all the costly Stores expos'd. To have vail'd his Eyes it had been a Sin, 'twas next to Blindness to Survey: As the envy'd Covering was putting on *Libissa* told *Philante* he might retire for an Hour or two, which

she repos'd herself on the Couch in the next Apartment; put the Key, says she, on the inside the Door, and shut it after you. *Mirabel*, that had no Design at first but to feast his Eyes, began to aspire to a more substantial Banquet, and his Mind still fluctuating what Course to take, he came at last to this Resolution, that the Time was full Ripe for a Discovery of his Passion, that in case he could get into the Apartment the Surprize of his Approach would be soon taken off, and he was sure of a powerful Advocate in *Libissa*'s own Breast, if all the punctualities of Respect were not observ'd.

He allow'd a convenient time for putting herself into a Posture of Repose, and convey'd himself down to the Door of the Bagnio, and having found means to put back the Lock with a flat Steel Ruler he had in his Pocket, he drew the Door to him with all the tenderness imaginable, and double Lock'd it: He made to the Apartment where the Fair One lay, and kept the softest Measures with his Feet. He found one of her fair Hands stretch'd out, and the glowing Cheek resting upon her Arm and painting Carnations on it.

He fell down before the young Goddess, and printing a mellow Kiss upon her downy Skin without awaking her, he strengthen'd to greater boldness, and fix'd a warmer Pledge upon her fragrant Lips. Her

Colour heightned ſomewhat by the laſt Impreſſion, put *Mirabel* upon his Guard to receive his Sentence of Death or Baniſhment; but *Libiſſa* gently rubbing her Lips as if it had been only the Sting of ſome ſmall Inſect, he prepar'd to gain a little more Ground upon the Succeſs he had met with.

After having recommended himſelf to his Good Genius, he Gently looſed the Ribbands that ty'd her flowing Gown, and ſaw one of her lovely Breaſts riſing like a Ripe Cluſter Courting to be preſs'd: Here young *Mirabel* loſt all his Temper, and being Tranſported with the vigorous Swell of them, he ſeiz'd one in his eager Lips, as if he would have devour'd it.

Libiſſa could not diſſemble her Confuſion any longer, ſhe found the Vigour of her Aſſailant, and perceiv'd herſelf too yielding, and that there was but one ſlight Barrier left between her fainting Vertue and the conſcious Stains of rifled Honour.

She rally'd her languid Spirits with the beſt Grace ſhe could, and riſing up, told *Mirabel*, with a bluſhing Air, he was Indebted to *Phalante* for his Admittance, but ſhe would take care to prevent ſuch another Surprize for the future. *Mirabel* repos'd her Gently upon the Couch, acquitted *Phalante* of any Colluſion, and aſſur'd her he was directed thither by an Impulſe that could not be reſiſted, That had it been thro'

a Thouſand Deaths he would have made his way to what he had Taſted already, and that he ſhould be the moſt miſerable of his Sex, if ſhe left him under ſo much as a Doubt of being forgiven.

Oh! *Mirabel*, ſays *Libiſſa*, If I don't forgive you you'll find a Thouſand eaſy Hearts that will; if I were capable of giving you Torture (as I fear I am not) I ſhould ſhare half the Pains I give you, therefore I pardon you at once, but take care how you Offend in this Kind again: Haſt from this Place, for my Reputation is at the laſt Stake whilſt you are here, and undone if you ſhould be ſeen coming out of theſe Apartments. *Mirabel* fell proſtrate, and ador'd ſuch aſtoniſhing Mercy; as he was going on with a profuſion of Love and Reſpect, ſhe check'd him, and conjur'd him to depart.

Mirabel retir'd without Obſervation, and *Libiſſa* adjuſting her Cloths, lay down in the ſame poſture *Phalante* had left her; but the Thoughts of *Mirabel* were ſo woven into her Soul, that ſhe could think of nothing but the Image of the departed Lover, and chid herſelf by Fits for not Indulging the lovely Trance any longer.

That Charming Youth, ſays ſhe, was born for my Ruin, I diſpair of ever fixing his Heart, and the greateſt Misfortune is, That I have not Firmneſs enough to Shun,

or

or Spirit to Diſdain him: He is too well acquainted with my Soul to doubt of ſucceeding; nay, I have pav'd his way to my Heart; he knows all the ſoft Paſſages to it; and I am become his Priſoner at Diſcretion! Shall I reſolve to fly him yet? I am thus far ſafe: The ſmall Outworks he has taken has diſcover'd my Weakneſs, it's true; ſtill he has not taken Poſſeſſion of the Poſt of Honour. With that ſhe offer'd up an Hymn to *Diana* for her Preſervation.

But, oh! ſays ſhe, the buſy God flys round me, and Whiſpers ſoft Deſires; my Soul is too conforming, and all my Blood and Spirits Dance to *Mirabel*'s ſweet Notes! But then a black Reflection ſeiz'd her Mind of faded Honour: Shou'd I be a neglected Victim, ſays ſhe, and offer'd up to tranſient Love, I ſhould with Horror look upon the Virgin Spoils, and Curſe my yielding Nature! No Man was ever known to Love beyond Fruition, and why ſhould I be ſo vain to think of Fettering him? But yet he's Innocent, his Love is Tender, and we are both too Young to be Falſe: The careful Minutes of Life are at a vaſt Diſtance, and rolling Years of Pleaſure are in our Hands: Well! I find I am fated to his Arms! My Blood runs warm at the Thought, and theſe deadly Stings muſt find a vent.

In this Romantique Vein *Phalante* found her, and taking her by the Hand to raiſe her

he up, spy'd a florid Mark upon her lovely Breast: Ah! Madam, says she, I am afraid the Fairies haunt this Place, and *Mab*, the Princess of that Pigmy Race, has suck'd your Blood: *Libissa* was conscious to herself of the eager Print young *Mirabel* had fix'd, but Dissembled the Cause, saying, in a careless manner, It was a Sign her Blood was wholesome.

They both left the Bagnio, and retir'd to their Apartment. *Mirabel* appear'd Gay and Unconcern'd in the Presence that Night; yet his Countenance was observ'd to be more Sparkling than ordinary, and Love Danc'd in his Eyes. *Libissa* confin'd herself that Night to her Chamber, to run over the Adventure afresh: Young *Mirabel*, after a tedious Expectation of seeing his Mistress in waiting that Evening, began to Despair, and a Thousand anxious Thoughts perplex'd him. He was tender of making an Enquiry, for fear of Suspicion, and finding himself in no Temper for Company, he went off early to his Chamber.

He told the lazy Hours, and tos'd about; his Blood was upon the full speed, and the Thoughts of *Libissa* did but heighten it: At Noon he made his Appearance amongst the young *Honorato's* of the Court, and saw his Charming *Libissa*. He was cautious of Gazing with a full Eye, for fear of provoking a Blush which she could not easily

have

have recover'd at that time; but taking an opportunity of ſpeaking to her when the Apartments were clear, he was reſolv'd to puſh his Fortune whilſt it was warm; told her he had a Key to the Banqueting Houſe in the *Horto Privario*, and would attend her at the Back-Stairs at ſuch an Hour. She was fully reſign'd in her Thoughts before, and had not ſo much as an Artful Obſtinacy to reſiſt the Critical Motion. That Night (as the *Mingrelian* Manuſcript has it) was Conſecrated to Love, and *Libiſſa*'s Virgin Bloſſoms were offer'd upon the Altar of *Venus*.

But as Love had only the intermitting Hours of young *Mirabel*'s Soul, ſo he took care not to Indulge the Paſſion ſo far as to let it grow up to a conſtant Diſtemper; he ſhook off the Downy Load, and breath'd for War; the Seaſon favour'd his Inclination, and the Shrill Trumpet ſounded to Action; *Salax* at that time being oblig'd by Stipulation to furniſh the King of *Liliana* with a certain Quota of Hoſpodani, and the Prince of *Monmacio* being appointed their Leader.

Young *Mirabel*'s Soul was all on Fire to Share in that Expedition: He exerted himſelf in a particular manner upon that Occaſion, brought the Prince a Plan of the Fortifications of that Country, and Deſcrib'd the Avenues ſo particularly, that the Prince ſmilingly

ſmilingly told him, I find young *Mirabel* you muſt be the chief Engineer at the Siege of *Maſtracio*. Any thing, ſays young *Mirabel*, ſo I may be within view of your Highneſs; my Life and Fortune is devoted to you, and as I act upon this Occaſion, let me take my Sentence of Glory or Infamy from your Highneſs's Determination.

The Spirit and *Bon Air* with which he deliver'd himſelf, perfectly charm'd the Prince, and that very Night he gave him a Commiſſion for a *Centuriato* in his own Legion: He attended the Prince in that Enterprize, and was reſolv'd to make his Promiſe good to him; for the Aſſault being unſucceſsfully made by the *Liliani's*, he beg'd his Highneſs that he might renew the Attack at the Head of two Hundred *Piliati*.

The Prince aſtoniſh'd at the boldneſs of the Demand, told him, young *Mirabel* you ſhall have the full Complement of what you ask, and I am reſolv'd this Day to be a Witneſs to your Glory; fir'd with the Honour of being under the Prince's Eye, he reſolv'd with himſelf to do ſomething more than Human. The Signal being given, young *Mirabel* advanc'd at the Head of his *Piliati*, towards the Enemy, in very good Order; they were commanded to lodge themſelves upon the Counterſcarp.

The Reſolution and Courage with which that was attack'd and carry'd, put the Ene-

my

my into the laſt Confuſion; the inflam'd Soldiery flush'd with this Succeſs, and encourag'd by *Mirabel*, got into the Cover'd way, paſs'd the Ditch, and mounted the Breach Sword in Hand, and took the place.

Monmacio ſurpriz'd at the Greatneſs of the Enterprize, and owing chiefly to the Ardor of young *Mirabel*, was impatient till he ſaw him, and taking him in his Arms with a peculiar Indulgence, told him, This Action, ſo Glorious to the Arms of *Britomartia*, is entirely yours: From henceforward I ſhall think nothing too Great for your Spirit to undertake, or too Difficult for your Genius to carry you through, or any Danger too big for execution; take this as an Earneſt of the Rewards due to ſo great an Atchievement; with that the Prince preſented him with his Picture ſet in Diamonds, and wait for full Retribution from the Emperor's Hand.

Young *Mirabel*'s Heart was ſo ſwell'd with the Prince's Tenderneſs, and a Senſe of Gratitude, that he had no Power to ſpeak, but expreſs'd ſuch a Duty, ſo full a Senſe of his Highneſs's Favour in his Eyes and Mien, that the Prince was forc'd to relieve *Mirabel* from the Struggle he was under, and change the Scene of the Diſcourſe.

Upon Prince *Monmacio*'s return from the Campaign, he preſented *Mirabel* to the Empe-

Emperor *Salax*, with this Character: Sir, I have born away the Reputation of the late Conqueſt your Imperial Majeſty's Forces have gain'd in the Service of *Liliana*; but the Laurels are young *Mirabel's*: May your Majeſty enjoy an uninterrupted Peace in *Britomartia* through the whole Courſe of your Happy Reign; but if ever *Bellona* Sounds to Arms, your Majeſty can never want a General in the Perſon of young *Mirabel*.

The young Hero Tranſported with this exceſs of Goodneſs, threw himſelf at the Emperor's Feet, ſaying, He could in ſome meaſure Anſwer for his Perſonal Courage upon any Honourable Provocation; but if he did Diſtinguiſh himſelf upon the late Occaſion for the Service of his Majeſty, it was purely owing to the Large and Heroick Genius of his Highneſs that Inſpir'd him.

The Gallantry of the late Action lay Glowing upon every Heart for a long time; the Men at Arms were fir'd with Emulation; the *Madonna's* at Court were ravith'd with his Bravery; his Character began to enlarge apace, which put the Court upon making a Generous Proviſion for him, in order to maintain a Figure equal to his Deſert. Accordingly he was made a *Tribunato* and *Cancellario del Preſentia* to *Draco*, with ſome other Marks of Favour.

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He now appear'd with all the Advantages of a plentiful Fortune, which join'd to his inborn Merit, and the Luſtre of the preceeding Action, gave him Pretenſions to puſh his Fortune with the forwardeſt Competitors. The *Madonna's* of the Court, as they were fir'd at his firſt approach, before he came to be Diſtinguiſh'd by Character, or the Glory of his Arms, fail'd not upon this Occaſion to draw nearer to this Riſing Star, and Court his Amorous Influences. Amongſt theſe, *Clevanna*, the Emperor's firſt Charmante, notwithſtanding all the powerful Lure of Royalty and the Honours of the Imperial Bed, could not behold the piercing Darts of *Mirabel* without Surprize, and meeting him one Day coming up the Back-Stairs, dreſs'd out with all the Charms and Fragancy that *Venus* introduc'd young *Aſcanius* to *Dido*, ſhe drop'd her Fan juſt in his way, to prove the Force of his Addreſs upon ſo ſlight an Occaſion, and have the little Bauble return'd her with one of his beſt Airs. *Mirabel* ſaw too many conſcious Fires in her Eyes not to improve the Flame, and a Roſy Colour at the ſame time ſpreading all his lovely Countenance; he told her he could have wiſh'd that the firſt Service he had the Honour of paying her had been attended with the greateſt Difficulty in Nature, to give her an undeniable Proof of that Eternal Duty

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he ow'd her: *Clevanna* recovering her ſelf, gave him to underſtand, that from ſo ſlight a Devoir, manag'd with that Addreſs, ſhe readily concluded him a perfect Maſter of Gallantry, and one that wou'd uſe a Lady's Honour tenderly when ſo rich a Prize came to be lodg'd with him. *Mirabel* underſtood perfectly well the largeneſs of that Commiſſion, and retir'd from her with the moſt profound Marks of Reſpect.

This Affair underwent ſome *Coolings* in his Mind, when he began to Reflect upon the Difficulties that lay in his way to that Region of Bliſs, and ſtill more preſſing ones in conſequence, if ever he ſhould be ſo happy to attain it. He conſider'd the Emperor *Salax* doated on her almoſt to Diſtraction, and ſhe had certainly all the Engagements that Love could inſpire Woman with, in order to be beloved.

Her Face was an exact Oval, her Forehead large and ſmooth; from that depending Cliff two lovely Arches of black kept up the Noble Pile above. Below that two Windows of poliſhd Chriſtal gave a bold and diffuſive Light to the whole Front, which no centred Beams exceeded in Glory: A ſmall remove from theſe dazling Mirrors, Lillies and Roſes were agreeably intermix'd, and a ſmall riſing between theſe two fragrant Beds, which gave a Proportion to the whole Frame. Below that a neſt of Spices

with more Nectar than *Horace*'s Miſtreſs had ſtolen from the *Cyprian* Grove: Two pretty little Sconces were garniſh'd out on each ſide, in which a Thouſand Loves were lighted up, and revelled in the Beautiful Niches, under theſe a well turn'd Corniſh, added to all the Superior Graces: The Wings were built with exact Symetry, and the Pillars ſo exquiſitely Poliſh'd, that all that gaz'd were loſt in Admiration.

But to leave of Metaphorical Deſcriptions, ſhe was the *Non-Parelli* of the Emperor's Court (and ſome went even ſo far as to ſay) of that whole lovely Sex. But then, as the fineſt Veſſels, ſhe was frail and brittle: Before ſhe came to the Emperor's Court, the Memoirs of *Britomartia* confeſs'd her tardy, a *Mandarine* of the firſt Rank was ſaid to have ſeiz'd the lovely Blue of her at Thirteen, and to have devour'd the Spoils of a Province in that rich Enjoyment.

The Hiſtory of thoſe Loves acquaints us with many pretty Amuzements of her tender Years; ſhe would ſome times affect to be a young *Diana* going out with her Bow and her Creſcent, and ranging the Woods after young Fawns, 'till ſhe was forc'd home by Hunger. At other times ſhe would be Dreſs'd en Cavilier, and be the forwardeſt at Horſe Races: In ſome other Vein ſhe would Summon all the Nymphs of the Neighbouring Villages, and proclaim herſelf the Fairy

Q een,

Queen, and lead them thro' wild Brakes, Ditches and Moraſſes, 'till ſhe loſt half her Company.

Whatever Air, Dreſs, or Diſguiſe ſhe put on, ſtill ſhe was attractive beyond Compariſon, and as ſhe grew up and burniſh'd a little, became the Miracle of her Sex. To ſo rich a Banquet was *Mirabel* invited, and tho' his Appetite was eager, he fluctuated between his Duty to the Emperor, and the powerful call of the moſt adorable Woman of the Univerſe. During theſe ſtrong Agitations of Mind, *Clevanna* ſeeing *Mirabel* paſs that way by Accident, as ſhe was entring the Door of the Emperor's Orangery, told him, he had now an Opportunity of ſeeing the Curioſities of that Bower in all it's perfection, and it could be no great Surprize to a Cavalier of his celebrated Proweſs to be lock'd up with a Fair Lady in ſuch an Inchanted Spot of Ground.

Mirabel had no Power to reſiſt: He entred with his fair Guide in a pleaſing Stupefaction. The exquiſite Fragrancy that wav'd from every Sprig, as he paſs'd up the middle Walk, raviſh'd all his Senſes, and the glowing warmth that ſhot from her fair Hand as he had it claſp'd in his, quicken'd all the Pulſes of Nature: He look'd upon every Plant as Sacred, and fancy'd himſelf in a Conſecrated Grove, whilſt *Clevanna* made Spoils where'e ſhe came, and rudely ſnatch-

ing of Cluſters of opening Flowers, threw them in a Sportive manner at *Mirabel*'s Head, and ſmother'd him with Sweets.

At the further end of the Walk there was a Pair of folding Doors that open'd into a with-drawing Room, where the Furniture was prodigiouſly coſtly, and a rich Palate the Emperor repos'd on in the Heat of Weather: *Mirabel* thought with himſelf that was the Critical Minute for improving his Intereſt with the Fair One, threw off all Reſerve, and taking her into his eager Arms, ſmother'd her with Kiſſes.

This firſt Skirmiſh ſucceeded ſo well, he renew'd the Attack, and carrying her by a pleaſing Violence towards the Palate, invok'd all the tender Powers to be Witneſſes of his Ardent Paſſion. Now! my Dear *Clevanna*, ſays he, *Cupid* ſhall ſtand Centry, whilſt we perform his luſcious Rites; ſhe half Reſiſting, he Preſſing with all the Collected Powers of Love, gain'd the Maſtery.

The warm ſtruggles of that Happy Pair muſt never be forgotten; Lightning flaſh'd thick from every Eye and Pore, and a Stinging Pleaſure darted from each wounded Lip: The Heat of the Action rous'd all the Reſerves of Paſſion, and Love play'd from all his Batteries; the Combatants overpower'd with the fierceneſs of the Struggle, lay Languid for ſome time, and murmur'd o'er their Dying Tranſports, till *Mirabel*, inſpir'd by freſh

fresh Vigor, came on briskly to the Second Charge: *Clevanna* thinking it in vain to resist, resign'd herself at Discretion, and *Mirabel* remain'd Master of the Field.

Clevanna recovering the Surprize, told him, That his Carpet-Adventures were no ways Inferior to those in War, and that as he had perform'd Knights Service, so he should not fail of his Reward, and presented him with a *Nota del Banko*, for Five Hundred Chequins. *Mirabel*, after a thousand Thanks for her Favour, and having pour'd out the warmest Offerings of his Soul, watch'd the Dusk of the Evening, and got off unsuspected for that time.

But Adventures of this Nature being seldom conducted with the strictest Rein or Circumspection, the Secret was whisper'd, and in time became the Subject of Conversation. There were too many Officious Spirits at that time envying the Happy Rencounters of *Mirabel* and *Clevanna*, soon made the Emperor acquainted with the Intrigue.

Salax, the easiest and best Natur'd Prince of his Age, receiv'd the first Alarm with as even a Temper as if he had been no ways Interested in the Affair, and told these busy People, That Love observ'd no Distinctions; that his Court liv'd a lazy Life, and had little more upon their Hands than his *Aquatica's* in the Canal of *Jacobino*, to Feed and Love.

Amongſt the many Inſtances of that Emperor's Goodneſs, or rather Indolence upon the Account of Love-Competitions, none ſhow'd a cooler Proof than his Surprizing this Happy Pair lock'd faſt in each others Careſſes. The Emperor had been often importun'd to be an Eye-witneſs of *Clevanna*'s Perfidiouſneſs, and more to Indulge his Curioſity than Revenge, at laſt conſented to it. The Confident was Brib'd into the Plot againſt her Lady, and the Emperor giving out he deſign'd to paſs that Night with *Querovallia*, ſuch favourable Minutes as theſe were not to be waſted in Sighs and fruitleſs Wiſhes: They both took the kind Alarm, and haſted to renew their ſtolen Joys: At Midnight the Treacherous Keeper of Love's Sacred Rites open'd the Door, and let in the Emperor and his Train.

The Spirits of the two Lover's being in a great Meaſure diſſipated by a vaſt profuſion of Love, and their Souls unbent in the late downy Trances, they fell an eaſy Prey to Nature, and *Morpheus* ſat heavy upon their Eye-lids. The Emperor, beſides that he caught *Mirabel* in the very Boſom of his Miſtreſs, ſpy'd ſome diſtinguiſhing Tokens of the late Amorous *Riot*.

Clevanna's Face lay above half expos'd, and the Balmy Dew perſpir'd thro' every outlet of Her RoſyCheeks; her HeadKnot was looſed in the eager Fray, and lay careleſly upon her riſing

Breaſt,

Breaſt, which with the gentle heave from every Breath, made the Diſorder inexpreſſibly fine.

The melting Drop that fell from her Eye in the laſt Extaſy Chryſtallis'd upon her florid Cheek, and look'd like a Snow Flower intermix'd with a Bed of Carnations: The lower Lip divided a ſmall Space from the upper, Pouted with the Ferment that ſo many warm Impreſſions had rais'd in it, whilſt the fragrant Breezes from her Spicy Mouth ſpread the richeſt Odours round the Head of her Inchanted *Mirabel*.

A thouſand gay Images preſented themſelves to her Soul upon that Occaſion, and the former Joys beat warm upon her Fancy, ſo that in the height of theſe Strong Viberations, ſhe cry'd out in her Dream, Oh! *Mirabel*, it's too exquiſite for Senſe.

At thoſe words the Emperor diſcover'd a Confuſion, and one might read a violent Conflict in his Breaſt. However he maſter'd the growing Paſſion, and only ſaid, ſhe was too lovely to be Engroſs'd, and too falſe to be oblig'd to Conſtancy. If ever he could be ſaid to Love with anxious Thoughts, it was at that time, how Artfully ſoever he conceal'd it.

The pleaſing Diſorders, the melting Poſture ſhe lay in, and the wanton Marks that were ſpread all over the Parts in view, Stung him with freſh Deſires, and he fancy'd her more Inviting in his Rivals Arms

than ever ſhe appear'd in his. Some adviſ'd him to Revenge the Affront, and cool both their Flames by a quick Diſpatch. The Emperor receiv'd the Advice with the utmoſt Indignation, ſaying, Heavens forbid I ſhould Sacrifice a Brave Man for offering this Violence to me, when my property in her at firſt was not the beſt Warranted, and ſo left them to their waking Enjoyments.

The Emperor was juſt gone out of the Apartment; but his Attendants not obſerving the ſame eaſy Tread, gave the firſt Alarm to *Clevanna*, who waking in ſome Confuſion, call'd for her Woman in haſte, and ask'd her who had been ſo bold to intrude into her Chamber at that time of Night; ſhe ſuſpecting that *Clevanna* had been privy to the whole Scene, and had only well Diſſembled a dead Sleep during the Emperor's ſtay in the Chamber, fell down at the Beds-Feet, excuſing her want of Vigilance, and told her the Emperor had come in with the Maſter Key, look'd within the Curtains for ſome Minutes, and went away under a ſtrange Diſorder.

Notwithſtanding theſe Artificial Tears and Excuſes of her Woman, *Clevanna* was ſatisfy'd there had been ſufficient precaution taken againſt the Emperor's interrupting them, had there not been ſome Treachery from within. However, diſſembling her Reſentment, ſhe bid her retire and be ready at the firſt Call.

So

So unexpected a Surprise made a Commotion for some time in the Breast of *Mirabel*, from the Thoughts of having injur'd so Good-natur'd and Beneficient a Prince, and various Thoughts struck cross his Mind how he should Demean himself when he came into the Imperial Presence: First he thought of throwing himself at the Emperor's Feet, and owning the violent Impulse that carry'd him into so great a Presumption: Then he consider'd this could not be done without a Repetition of the Injury, which would but inflame his Crime: Sometimes he thought of quitting the Court, and getting his Bread in some Foreign Service, for he concluded so manifest a Violation could be hardly forgiven.

Clevaana, who knew all the Secret windings of the Emperor's Soul, and had travel'd through all the soft Traces of it, told *Mirabel* he need be under no manner of perplexity about the Emperor's Resentment; that she would take upon herself to stand all the Storm, and after the first Flurry, *Salax* would become as gentle, as a dying Lover; and clasping him round, with stronger Wreaths, cry'd, *Mirabel* those precious Hours are due to Love, and not to Thought; *Mirabel* was always too forward upon Duty to want a Spur, and return'd the Caress with equal Flame: In that joyous Minute they forgot the unlucky Adventure of the Night, and *Mirabel* was

Greater

Greater than *Salex*, in that he Reign'd Monarch there.

The Envious Day advanc'd, and *Phosphorus* gave early Notice of his approach, when *Mirabel* rose from the conscious Bed, and retir'd to his Apartment to consider of his Demeanour the next Day. He appear'd in the Presence with his usual Gaiety, within Observation of the Emperor; but not pressing too forward for fear of giving Offence. The Emperor ey'd all his Paces and his Gesture, and seem'd rather pleas'd than offended. At length calling him up to his Chair, he told him by way of Raillery, Well *Mirabel*, I find you are not so ill belov'd but that when you are lock'd out of your own Lodgings you have Interest enough to procure better, and a good Bedfellow into the Bargain; and turning from him with a Smile, directed himself to a young *Mandarine* at his Elbow: *Mirabel* was visibly shock'd with the Tenderness of the Reproof, and show'd by his awful Silence and Homage, he was sensible of the Emperor's Goodness, and his own Temerity. *Clevanna* kept close all that Day, under pretence of a slight Indisposition: The Emperor could not be throughly at Ease till he had seen the Beautiful Criminal, and breaking up sooner than usual from the Company, he went to her Apartment.

The

The Emperor entred the Room with an Air of reſerve, but ſetting down by her, after ſome flying Queſtions about her Indiſpoſition, told her he would ventuer his own Judgment ſo far, as to tell her the Cauſe of it; ſhe gave him her Hand, and the Emperor ſlightly examining her Pulſe; ſaid, *Madam*, you are ſomething feavouriſh, I preſume it came with a Fright, but I believe lying alone one Night, and compoſing your ſelf, will bring you to Temper.

She was not at a Loſs for the Emperor's Meaning, but recollecting herſelf, told him, That ſhe could not tell how laſting her Diſorder might be; but if her Door was broke open at Midnight, as it had been the laſt Night, ſhe might expect worſer Conſequences from ſuch rude Practiſes, than a bare Fright; and ſince I cannot be ſafe in the *Palatio de Imperiali*, ſays ſhe, I muſt look out for ſome retreat, where I may be unmoleſted: And what ſays the Emperor! Was *Mirabel* ſo drowſy that he left his fair Charge expos'd to danger: The Proof was ſo plain upon her, That ſhe knew it would be impertinent to attempt an excuſe; and ſo flying to the powerful Arms of well diſſembled Tears and Fits, ſhe contriv'd to fall into the Emperor's Arms.

Salax was diſarm'd at once, and chafing the ebbing Veins of her Temples, and calling her back from the Porch of Death, with all the moſt endearing Accents, ſhe reviv'd,

and

and pretending to be ignorant in whose Hands she was fallen, cry'd out with a Wildness of Look and Motion, I cannot survive the Frowns of my dear Lord and Emperor: I forgive you, Madam, says the Emperor; but learn from hence to make your Gallantries less Publick. That mistake being hush'd, *Salax*, who was so tenaciously wedded to her Arms, told her, if she thought fit, he would be her Guard that Night, and Security against surprizes; she could not with any Colour refuse the Honour, tho' *Mirabel*'s Image was drawn too lively upon her Mind to make room for any Competitor; but *Salax* was fir'd beyond denyal, with the Sight of the last enchanting Posture she lay in, that he did not consider how near he trod in his Subject's Steps. But these were wandring Fires, to be extinguish'd at pleasure: As yet, *Mirabel* had seen nothing that had warm'd his Heart beyond cooling: The lambent Flame only play'd round his Temples without scorching: All the Darts he had felt, were but so many Flesh-wounds: His Heart still remain'd untouch'd, and he look'd too florid to bleed inwardly, till the fair *Jenibella* reach'd him a desperate Wound: She came to Court in her Bloom, beautiful to a Prodigy, bred up in all the Arts and Accomplishments necessary to a Court-figure. The first Glance of her, pierc'd deep into his Soul, and shot thro'

every

every Fibre: *Mirabel* unus'd to yield, bow'd down a willing Captive to this fair One, but took ſome time to make a decent Surrender of his Heart: The Paſſion was equal on *Jenibelle*'s Side, but better conceal'd for ſome Time. The Force ſhe put on her Inclinations made them Rage the more: The more ſhe ſtifled her Deſire, the more ſhe endeavour'd to ſmother the Flame, the fiercer it blaz'd, and maſter'd all her Vigilance. Her Eyes, the little Traytors of the Soul, confeſs'd how ill prepar'd ſhe was for a Defence. The inmoſt Fort was all in an uproar, and a Train of eager Paſſions could not forbear mutinying in all Parts of her Countenance. Conſenting Bluſhes, viſible Diſorders paſs'd on both Sides, and ſometimes a tender Repreſentation from *Mirabel*, when a convenient Minute could be gain'd, which was return'd with as much Compaſſion as a juſt Reſerve could warrant.

One Night, *Draco* gave a Ball at Court in Honour of his Birth, and in compliment to the Imperial Houſe, it was grac'd with the gayeſt Concourſe of young *Mandarines* and *Madonna*'s of the Empire. Hither *Mirabel* reſorted, wing'd with a Thouſand Charms of Dreſs and Perſon: *Mirabel* knew too well what he ow'd to *Draco*'s Favour, not to do the utmoſt Homage to that Ceremony, and therefore he was reſolv'd to exert himſelf upon that Occaſion: He danc'd that

Night

Night by the particular Command of *Dracò* and ſhow'd how much the Preſence of that illuſtrious Aſſembly had Inſpir'd him; his Body ſwimming; his Countenance erect; his Meaſures bold; his Air graceful; his Manner ſo inimitably Fine, that no Woman could look on and be indifferent: Some dazled with his Graces, vow'd he flew, others that are wav'd above Ground during the whole Performance; but allowing for the agreeable Miſts that ſpread themſelves before the Eyes of his Admirers, that Night *Jenibella* was wounded beyond Mercy, and all her Senſes were transfix'd.

She quitted the Ball in the Middle of *Mirabel*'s Performance and left the *Madonna*'s to ſuſtain the Execution; whether ſhe was conſcious of her own Weakneſs that ſhe could not ſee any additional Grace in the Perſon of *Mirabel*, without giving herſelf up to unguarded Tranſports, or that a ſudden Shock of the Spirits, as ſhe had all the Reaſon imaginable to expect it, might oblige her to be near the Air to prevent a fainting Fit, ſhe took care to place herſelf as convenient as poſſible, and upon the firſt Signal given from her Blood, ſhe retir'd without alarming the Company. She was juſt fainting in her Retreat, when a young *Mandarin* meeting her at the Door in that languid Poſture, conducted her to a Chair.

Her Mother, the moſt Indulgent of her Sex, was beyond all Government, when ſhe

ſhe ſaw the fair *Jenibella* return in that Diſorder; and her Officiouſneſs did but encreaſe her Pangs: She preſs'd the fair Maid to tell her where the Pain lay, and getting no Anſwer from her that ſhe could depend upon, ſhe thought it might be a ſlight Diſorder of the Stomach from indigeſtion, and gave her a large Draught of a rich Cordial ſhe had by her; this, inſtead of remedying the Diſorder, heighten'd it in an inſtant: The Spirits before were ready to mutiny, and they wanted only a ſmall Provocation to kindle them into Rage and Wildneſs.

The Mother almoſt confounded with the ill Succeſs of her Application, ſent for a Conſult of Phyſicians: They found her reſtleſs, her Pulſe quick and intermitting, her Eyes glowing, a violent Palpitation of Heart, and very wild in her Anſwers: The Phyſicians told the old Lady, it was only a ſlight Hyſterick Fit, at firſt, but that ſhe had by too warm Cordials, put the Spirits into too violent a Motion: However, there was no diſpute, but the young Lady after a Nights Compoſure, would do well.

Jenibella took the Night Draught that was order'd with all the exactneſs imaginable, but knew withal, ſhe was doom'd to watch and think. Had ſhe drank the moſt capacious Glaſs of that forgetful River, had ſhe laid down on Beds of Poppy, and had the deadly Nightſhade for her Covering; or had ſome drowſy God ſate with all

all his heavieſt Plummets upon her Temples; not one ſhort Minute of Repoſe could have been gain'd that Night.

In Love ſure there are ſome Reliefs to be borrow'd, even from the Torments it gives. Tho' her Pains that Night were Acute, yet ſhe confeſs'd afterwards, they were in a great meaſure temper'd by ſome pleaſing Ideas ſhe had rais'd to her ſelf. If *Mirabel*, ſays ſhe, knew the Torture I was in from the Wounds he gave, how ſoon would his Great Soul melt and ſooth my Pain? How would thoſe radiant Eyes ſink into languid Fires, and deaden over my Miſery? How gently would he draw the bearded Arrow out, and heal the bleeding Wound with his balmy Lips? What powerful Cure would he effect at once, which ne'er will yield to the moſt potent Drugs? Love is the Diſeaſe, and that lovely Man muſt be the Phyſician. Oh! I have drank deep of that Philter, and the Magick Potion rages in my Blood.

But then a gloomy Cloud lay hovering o'er her Soul, and ſhed deſponding Thoughts and anxious Cares into her Breaſt! Could that fine Perſon of his, ſays ſhe, eſcape being devour'd by ſo many ſubtle Eyes that ſaw him move? Could they look cooly on, and have no aking Eyes at the ſight of ſo much Perfection? What Heart in the Company was ſo impenetrable as not to be Wounded with ſuch a flight

of

of Arrows? Sure there were ſome Hearts as tender as mine, and equally ſuſceptible of Paſſion, that will not fail to let him know he is born for Dominion over our frail Sex, and draw him off from his humble Love of me with gaudy Hopes of Honour, and the gay Bait of larger Fortunes. What her Fancy ſuggeſted ſhe readily believ'd, and in that Agony her Spirits broke over all their Barriers: Her Tongue then took a looſe, and confeſs'd the Cauſe of all her Pain; yet, *Mirabel*, ſays ſhe, let me ſee the once before thou art loſt to me for ever, tho' Death or Diſtraction wait on the Interview.

Jemibella's Mother, who had never Indulg'd the leaſt Slumber from the very firſt Approaches of her Daughter's Illneſs, and had watch'd every Ramble of her Eyes, numbred each Pulſe, and mark'd what time her Breath kept, could not be unattentive to the laſt words ſhe drop'd: She was wholly ignorant of the little innocent Dalliances and Exchanges of wiſhful Looks that had paſs'd between the Gallant *Mirabel* and the Fair *Jemibella*, and therefore could not tell what Concluſion to Form from this Diſcovery.

Sometimes ſhe thought it might proceed from a general Hurry of the Spirits, and a Confuſion of Images which enter the Brain at that time, and juſt coming from the Ball,

the last Impression might be uppermost; but then she Reflected again that such an Ardour of Expression so regularly thrown off, and with an Accent which bespoke the strongest Desires, could not well proceed from a Mind altogether unconcern'd.

She sooth'd her Pains, and told her, *Mirabel* would be there the next Day; That he had already sent to enquire after her Health, hearing she had gone off so abruptly from the Ball; and will he, says the Fair Delirant? Then I'll put on my Crimson Suit for the Lady's of my Acquaintance say it is the most becoming colour I Wear, and adds a pretty heightning to my Complexion.

The old Lady dissolv'd in Tears at this second Discovery, was plung'd still in farther Perplexities. To spread the least murmur of the Source of *Jealbella*'s Disorder, she was sensible would be fatal to her Daughter's Reputation. To conceal it from the Person who was the occasion of it, would be equally as fatal, and the Hazard as great, if he should know it, and make an indirect use of it, which could not well be imagin'd otherwise, when it was in effect Petitioning for an Husband.

During that fluster and Variety of Thoughts, she resolv'd to make use of one Expedient. She had a Country Steward at that time in the House who writ an early

Gentleman-like Hand, and wholly unacquainted with the Affairs of the *Beau Monde*, was resolv'd to make use of him in that Exigency.

As she was Inferior to none of the first Rate of Sense, so she had an Artificial contriving Brain, and having a long Intercourse with the Politest Part of the World, and seen all the Fineness of Gallantry, she could not fail of touching the Passions very lively, and representing the Images of the Soul in the first Advances, the Progress and Consummation of Love with all their becoming Proprieties: Accordingly she sets down, and indites a Letter as if it came from *Mirabel*, and gave it the Steward to Copy, and had it convey'd to her House with all the Ceremony, as if the Design had been Foreign to her. The Letter ran thus;

Mirabel *to the Fair* Jenabella.

IF the Rules of Decency did not debar me the Priviledge of waiting on you in this present Disorder, I could not content my self with depending upon uncertain Messages about a Health in which my Soul, and every thing that's dear to me is so anxiously concern'd: If the Tortures I endure for the slightest Pain you feel, could be any Relief to you, I would beg of Heaven that they might be still more

exquiſite; or could the Sacrifice of my ſelf be accepted by the Gods, in order to your laſting Repoſe, I would yield my ſelf a willing Victim.

Your MIRABEL.

Jenibella continued reſtleſs, and her Mother waited for an Interval of Senſe to deliver her the Letter in: At laſt ſhe perceiv'd ſome Gleam of Reaſon, and ask'd her how ſhe found herſelf. It hangs about me, ſays ſhe, and I cannot get rid of it: What is it my dear Child poſſeſſes you ſo ſtrongly? replies her Mother: Something that can't be cur'd by all the labour'd Arts of Phyſick, the richeſt Drugs, or all the pompous Train of Medicine.

Her Mother being then fully convinc'd of the Source of *Jenibella*'s Sufferings, thought that Minute favourable to her Project, and conjuring her by all the endearing Motives to ſet up in her Bed to take the Phyſicians Preſcription at the ſtated Hour; ſhe prevail'd with her; ſhe had the Letter then in her Hand, and under pretence of aſſiſting the Servants that attended, drop'd it before her. After ſhe had taken the Draught, her Mother perſwaded her to ſit up a while and refreſh herſelf: Her Eyes (as in all Acute Diſtempers) were piercing at that time, and caſting a Glance upon the Letter, ſhe read the Inſcription, *To the Fair* Jenibella.

Her curiosity did not stop here, but she was Importunate with her Mother to know what Letter that was: One, says her Mother, that a Footman in a Blue Livery, trim'd with Gold Loops, brought; but she did not think fit to communicate it to her till she was Compos'd enough to receive it. When she heard the Colour of the Livery, she ey'd it with Impatience, and snatching it up in her Hands, tore it open with all the Eagerness that dying Men embrace a Reprieve; she run it over with her famish'd Eyes, and after the first Reading, went carefully over every Line, and weigh'd each Syllable.

The Mother prudently retir'd upon the first opening of the Scene; but lodg'd her self in a convenient Quarter, where she could see all her Motions; the Language of her Eyes, and the several Turns of her Soul, unobserv'd. After she was tir'd with Reading, but not satisfy'd; she lodg'd the *Billet* next her throbbing Heart, and with a Gaiety of Looks, cry'd out, *My dearest* Mirabel, *thou hast over-answer'd all my Wishes.*

Her Mother finding the Plot succeed so well, came in, and taking no Notice of the Letter, or of what had pass'd, told her, *Jenibella*, you appear to me very much revi'v'd, I hope the worst is past; I feel nothing, says the Fair One, but a little weakness, and my Head is something Light,

From that Minute she recover'd sensibly and in a Day or two walk'd about her Chamber.

When the Danger was past, her Mother walking with her in the Garden of the Palace, was rallying her upon the unguarded Hearts of young Virgins: That every one would choose her Lover by the inborn Laws of Nature at such a time, and she believ'd many had done themselves a Prejudice in suppressing the Flame; but you, my Dear *Jemibella*, says she, are too well assur'd of my Indulgence, to conceal any Flame of that kind from me; you may be sure to meet with the most Generous Succour, whenever your Soul inclines to Love; I am satisfy'd you will never pitch upon a slender Merit, or make me Repent of the Liberty I have hitherto granted you. No, says the Fair *Jemibella*, rest assur'd, where e're I Love, it shall be a Man of Perfection, the Pride of our Sex, and the Envy of his own. There is but one, my Dear Child, says the Mother, of that Character in the Court, and that's the Gallant *Mirabel*.

She found *Jemibella* too much Interested in that Charming Name, to keep an evenness of Colour. The Blood was soon distributed thro' every little Fibre, and the Face drew strongly from the Heart.

After

After some small Expostulation, *Jenibella* confess'd, he was the only Man alive that she could Love, and told her Mother what Advances had been made on his side.

The Mother gently chid her for not acquainting her sooner with it, discover'd the Plot of the Letter, and that she found it absolutely necessary to deceive her, in order to calm her Spirits, having gather'd some Hints of her Passion from what she had dropp'd in one of her raving Fits.

Jenibella was Thunderstruck when she found her Joy only Imaginary: She could have dwelt upon that pleasing Delusion for many Ages, and was Angry for being undeceiv'd.

At that instant *Mirabel* appear'd in the Garden, and making up to *Jenibella* with a killing Address, gave her Joy of seeing her abroad again; protested that he was none of the least Sufferers in her late Illness, and was glad that it had left no more revengeful Marks behind it; then turning to the Old Lady, He told her that tho' she had the tenderest Concern in *Jenibella* by the right of Nature, yet there was a more powerful Sympathy from that of Love, which made her late Indisposition almost Distracting to him, as he shar'd the Parent's and the Lover's Care.

Mirabel had drawn off from the Fair One, and directed himſelf to the Mother, that he might not be Witneſs to the Confuſion that was riſing upon *Jenibella* at the unexpected ſight of him.

The old Lady told him, That ſo Generous a Cavalier could not but be well eſteem'd by the Fair, when he laid their Sufferings ſo much to Heart. *Mirabel* took a round in the Garden with them, and ſaid a Thouſand tender Things to *Jenibella*, which ſhe anſwered with expreſſive Looks; More would ſhe have ſaid, but Virgin Modeſty recoil'd.

The old Lady gave *Mirabel* a frank Invitation to her Houſe that Evening, if no ſtronger Engagement lay upon his Hands. Had the Prize of Empire been Fought for that Night, and he the faireſt Candidate in the Liſt, he would have found a potent ſtruggle in his Soul, whither he ſhould have ſacrific'd to Love or Glory.

Mirabel conducted them Home, and his Preſence ſpread a ſparkling Joy thro' the whole Family. He found ſo much Encouragement from the old Lady that Night, that his way was made eaſy, and from that time there was no need of putting *Jenabella* to the Torture to confeſs her Paſſion; *Hymen* was preparing to Light up his Torch.

In that full Stream of Bliſs, when nothing but gentle Gales fann'd round them, and they were gently wafting to the Happy Port, *Clevanna* had got Intelligence of the whole Affair, and Stung with Rage and Jealouſy, was reſolv'd if ſhe could not diſunite the Happy Pair, yet to give ſome ſpiteful Interruptions to their Love.

She ſent for *Mirabel* one Evening, having put on more Graces upon that Occaſion then *Venus* when ſhe ſtood for the Prize of Beauty, and after a ſlight Animadverſion upon his late Neglect and Coolneſs, ſhe told him with an Air of Fierceneſs, That ſhe did not ſend for him thither to revive a dying Paſſion in him, or Sollicite a continuance of his Favours; but to upbraid his Meaneſs; She thought, after having Transfer'd her Love from the Emperor upon him, the Obligation had been Invincible, and that ſhe had Merit enough in her Perſon to fix the moſt Ambitious. How many, ſays ſhe, of the Greateſt *Mandarins* have Sigh'd and Dy'd for a Good-natur'd Look from me, whilſt you have prodigally Doted over all my richeſt Stores? But your Conqueſt was eaſy, and ſo you rated it. Had you aim'd at ſomething in your Choice equal to the Greatneſs my Love ſhould have inſpir'd you with, or ſuitable to that Gallantry of Soul

you

you are form'd with, an Excuſe might be admitted; But to be tamely caught by a baby Face, an awkard raw inſipid Country Girl, and turn a Drudge for Life, is what very hardly found belief with me? Is this *Mirabel!* the Aſpiring *Mirabel?* No! the Soul of thee is fled! thou art nothing but the dull Terriſtial Part of that Great Man!

Here he gain'd an opportunity of offering a word, and told her, No Perſon could ſet a greater Value upon thoſe unmerited Favours ſhe had beſtow'd, or carry'd an Heart fuller of Gratitude to ſo great a Benefactreſs; but thought withal he was not reſtrain'd by thoſe Obligations from purſuing an Object of ſo much Attraction as he was at preſent engag'd to.

She took Fire at the laſt Words: And are you ſold beyond Redemption? ſays ſhe, Go Perjur'd Ungrateful Monſter as you are, and hug the Chain for Life, and the Devil go with the Purchaſer.

Mirabel ſtill ſupported his Temper, and told her, That he hop'd her Reſentment would cool by Degrees; but whatever Fate he ran from her Frowns, he could not be brought off from his Engagements; That it would be an imbittering Circumſtance to lie under her Diſpleaſure; but his Honour was dearer to him then all other Conſiderations.

Honour!

Honour! ſays ſhe, Name it not; you Vow'd you Swore Ten Thouſand Times that an Empire wou'd not wean your Soul from me! That you had all that was Valuable under Heaven in my ſingle Perſon, and that Death only ſhould Diſſolve the laſting Tie. Am I ſo ſtrangely alter'd from what I was in the Orangery, when you reſign'd up Soul and Life, and all your Ardent Powers to my Direction? Then raiſing herſelf up with a Majeſtick Air, and diſcloſing a Thouſand wandring Beauties in her diſorder'd Face, ſhe ſaid, That Bed ſhall remain a Witneſs to your Perjuries.

Mirabel attempting to retire, ſhe chang'd the Scene on a ſudden, and falling from the heights of Rage, calm'd into the ſofteſt Breaths: But *Mirabel*, ſays ſhe, is it poſſible I ſhould ſurvive this Separation? You have gone too deep into my Soul to wear you out, and how inſupportable will it be to me to wear the Image of the Man I Love, beyond the boaſted Charms of Royalty, and yet be for ever Divorc'd from the Enjoyment of him? Nothing but lingring Pains or quick Diſtraction can befall me, when once I hear that dreadful Sentence pronounc'd againſt me, of your being Left, or which is equal, Marry'd. Sure there is a Reſolution in all Noble Breaſts, that melts at the Tears of the Unfortunate! and can you be all Rock and Adamant, that

have

have made me ſo? Heavens knows you had my Soul entire! whilſt the Emperor pleas'd himſelf with Enjoying only the outward Shell of my Love: I would have ſtripp'd the Throne for you; torn out every Pearl from the Imperial Crown, run away with Scepter and Globe, and only left him the Naked Name of Emperor, for the Support of you: Nay, would even fly this Minute with you, arm'd with the richeſt Plunder, and range about the Univerſe, rather then have you fall a Prey to any Woman's Arms but mine: Are you engag'd this Night, ſays ſhe, claſping him in her Arms?

Mirabel, ſmother'd with Kiſſes; ſuch paſſionate Remonſtrances, and ſtruck with the Memory of paſt Endearment, was juſt upon the point of Sinking in his Reſolution; but diſintangling himſelf, with all the Good Manners that warm Circumſtance would admit of, rally'd Reaſon to his Aid, and was juſt taking his Dutiful leave, when, from the ſofteſt Meaſures, her Tongue beat, ſhe flew at once into the quickeſt Time, and ſhrilleſt Key in Nature: Well Miſcreant, ſays ſhe, ſince nothing will move thee; but thou haſt ſat all this while a Witneſs to my Folly, Treaſon, Love and Madneſs! and what enrages me more, the Degeneracy of my Spirit, and I have made my ſelf more Ridiculous by my Complaints, then I

was at first Bewitch'd, in Granting thee more then human Blessings: Be assur'd, and take it from a Woman, mad with Revenge, Disdain, and slighted Love, that I'll blast thy growing Fortunes, and try what Magick there is left in my Perswasion, to work thy Ruin with the Emperor: Go and proclaim my Folly to the little puling Chit you are grown so fond off, and to make your Constancy appear the more Illustrious, tell her I would have Damn'd my Self to Disengage you. In the midst of thy Nightly Revels I'll haunt thee, and be thy Evil Genius where e're I meet thee.

Mirabel would have offer'd a word of Pacification; but as he knew it would have fed the Flame, and spread the Fire wider, he paid his humblest Homage and retir'd.

Mirabel was no sooner gone, but *Clevanna* threw herself upon the Bed, and conjur'd up all the Furies, Discord, Hatred, and a meager Train of rueful Passions to assist her; But then she endeavour'd to compose herself, in order to form a solid Revenge, and lay it right. First she thought of Impeaching him to the Emperor of having spoken Undutifully of him; but she consider'd the Emperor would look upon that as the effect of a Love Quarrel between them, and so that Project expir'd in the first Motion.

Then

Then ſhe was reſolv'd to make him Refund all the Chequinna's ſhe had preſented him with; but that being likely to bring ſome Queſtions upon the Stage, of little Advantage to her Reputation, that drop'd likewiſe.

At other times ſhe thought of blaſting *Jenibella*'s Reputation; but that was impregnable, with Ten Thouſand more Chimera's that dy'd in thinking. At laſt ſhe came to this Reſolution, of going to *Jenibella*'s Houſe, and expoſing *Mirabel*, and inſulting the young Innocent; nay, ſhe would have run out of her Lodgings that Minute, hot with the Glowing Embers of that Paſſion ſhe had ſpent upon *Mirabel*; but the Emperor ſent a Meſſenger to her to acquaint her that he would be with her in a few Minutes. She ſcarce could give a Cool return to the Meſſage; but in the Raving Heat, Swore that Emperors and Kings, and all the Earth ſhould bend to her Revenge.

Mirabel, who ſuſpected ſhe would execute her Malice in that very way ſhe had propos'd to herſelf, prepar'd *Jenibella* before-hand, and inſtructed her how to act upon that Occaſion. According to *Mirabel*'s fore-ſight, *Clevanna* paid a Viſit to *Jenibella* that Afternoon, and finding *Mirabel* in the Corner of the With-Drawing Room, breathing Tenderneſs, and Roſy Love to *Jenibella*, ſhe

she had not Patience to adjust the common Civilities of her first Entrance; but Addressing herself to the old Lady, she broke out, like a second *Medea*, into ungovernable Rage, That Sorcerer, says she, pointing to *Mirabel*, will first Bewitch, and then Debauch the young *Jenibella*; she may have yet escap'd the Enchantment; but every Minute he sets by her, he's instilling Poyson; he is Perjur'd, Base, and Ingrate, and the Honour of your House lies at Stake whilst he is in it. The young Couple sat unmov'd, rather expressing a pleasant Disdain of these weak Efforts then Fear or Indignation.

Old *Jenibella*, not to be impos'd on by these Fits, and knowing how loose *Clevanna*'s Honour sat, all the while she was arraigning *Mirabel*, would have turn'd the Discourse, and offer'd her a fine Sherbet as agreeable to the Heat of the Weather.

Clevanna looking upon that as a side Reflexion upon her Warmth and Passion, grew perfectly Frantick, and contracting all her wild Spirits into her Eyes, discharg'd them all at once upon the old Lady, and wishing Plagues and Fire, and Death to the whole Viper Brood, she flew out of the Room, crying, *Cassandra* was not believ'd till it was too late, neither can I.

Thus

Thus after a few Blazes of impotent Rage, *Clevanna* grew tamer by Degrees, and the remaining Paſſion turn'd wholly into Diſdain: The Happy Pair had no Diſturbance from without, which made the Harmony within more delightful: The joyous Hours kept tuneful Meaſures, and the Lovers Souls maintain'd the ſame Key. Thus they lay expecting the bliſsful Minute that ſhould pronounce them One; and at length the Ceremony was perform'd privately in the Temple of *Jacobino*. I ſhall draw a Veil over the Sacred Rites of *Hymen*, and only tell you they were perform'd to a punctuality. Next Morning their Looks diſcover'd a mutual Satisfaction, and Love danc'd in both their Eyes: Their Careſſes were ſo Innocent and Undiſguis'd, that they ſeem'd to be Copies of the firſt Enjoyment in Paradiſe: Then *Mirabel* firſt knew the Sweets of Hallow'd Love; the boundleſs Range his Fancy took before, had been but a ſort of Riding Poſt in Pleaſure; he was a Stranger to the Peaceful Joys of Settled Love, but now brought home and Circumſcrib'd by Reaſon's Laws, he found more pleaſing Warmth from Veſtal Flames, then all the lawleſs Fires he had Indulg'd before, and poſſeſs'd more ſubſtantial Bliſs in the narrow Circle of thoſe lovely Arms of *Mirabella*, then in the wide *Parlieus* of rambling Love.

Mirabel's

Mirabil's Soul being now perfectly at rest, and fix'd beyond alienation, he had nothing to do but to intend his growing Fortune in the World. To this end he survey'd himself with great exactness, and weigh'd every little Accomplishment the World was pleas'd to flatter him with, in the Scales of Reason. Had he been liable to be carry'd away by the Gusts of Vainglory, and bended to the Abject Flatteries of Court Parasites, he might easily have become an *Opiniatre* and been drawn into the State of believing a Thousand vain and empty Things, destructive to his future Promotion. He had enough whisper'd to him daily in his Ear, to raise him to a pitch of Ostentation, if his Soul had not been modell'd to a Manly resistance of all those soft Debasions: Fresh Beauties, and Gaudy Trains of Luxury were always playing in his Eyes; but he had a Firmness of Mind not to be broke through by all these Enchantments. He could not be so far unknown to himself as not be sensible how great a Proficient he was in the Rules of Politeness and Good Breeding. He was allow'd by all to be a perfect Master of those refin'd Arts; but he was easily convinc'd there was more requir'd to make a finish'd Courtier, than the bare external Ceremonies of Life, or making a good Figure in the Drawing-Room. The Study of a Court, with

the violent Motions, veerable Humours, and sudden Disgusts, the faithless Vows, the treacherous Smiles, the secret Mines, the Pits and Precipices that all Adventurers in that uncertain Bottom are expos'd to, is of it self a point of Critical Learning: But then to determine rightly for the Glory of the Prince, and the Good of the Publick; to understand the several Interests of Foreign Powers, and the Fineness of Courts, and in fine to have Address and a true Dexterity in the Management of the several Parts of that large Province, is what falls to the share of very few Complexions, and is very often the work of an whole Century to produce a Consummate Person in that kind.

This Goal of Perfection our Hero, *Miraikel* arriv'd to, just when he was full blown, and resolv'd to act in all his future Measures equal to the Great Genius he was born with; tho' his Soul from the first Dawn of Reason, gave in strongly to Great and Gallant Actions, still he Dedicated some Intervals to State Affairs, without taking off his edge to the War. Those who play'd only on the Surface of his Actions, fancy'd his Soul entirely form'd to Love and Gallantries of the Field; but *Salax*, the Emperor, who was the best Judge of Men and Manners that Age produc'd, and had larger opportunities of examining his Merit, in those familiar Conferences he held with his Brother

ther *Draco* in the Presence of *Mirabel*, soon discovered such a Race of Spirit; such lively Apprehensions; such a penetrating Judgment, and so nice a Capacity for the most arduous Affairs, that he was big with Presages of his approaching Greatness: To quicken these lively Sparks, and add a proper Lustre to them, the Emperor gave a distinguishing Proof of the high Opinion he had form'd of him, and to prepare the World to entertain his Merit under all the Advantages possible, he made him a *Mandarine* of *Britomartia*. *Salax* dy'd soon after, and *Draco* ascended the Imperial Throne. Now *Mirabel*'s way to Grandeur lay smooth, and nothing in the Road to Interrupt the Glorious Prospect: He was first admitted to the Honour of *Cubicularie* to the Person of the Emperor, and afterwards made *Legate* of all the Forces of *Britomartia*, and a Cabinet *Director* of the Empire. Then *Mirabel* had an opportunity of displaying all those fine Parts which had been Ripening under the Disguises of Love and War: Then that noble Energy of Soul was exerted, and he shin'd in Council as bright as he had done in Arms. *Mirabel* was too well acquainted with the impetuous Humour of the new Emperor, not to apprehend some stubborn Difficulties in the Province he was engag'd in. It requir'd a Temper of the finest Composition to Model such a va-

riety of Humours and Passions as then Reign'd in the Court, to any degree of Uniformity, and the nicest Hand to Steer between the Rocks and Shelves which lay on every side. The Emperor *Draco* was of a Religion different from that of his Predecessors, and Worship'd the *Pagods* which had been banish'd *Britomartia* for some Ages: This open'd a Gap for all the *Panim's* of that Persuasion, and they broke in like a Torrent from all Quarters of the Empire; their intemperate Zeal made the whole Court and Empire uneasy, and still all their extravagant Measures met with Countenance from the Emperor. The Empress, a violent Zealot, bred up in all the Rancour and Inveteracy those Principles inspire, and having a strong Ascendant over the Emperor, gave way to every rigorous Motion those furious *Panims* made, and introduc'd the long exploded Superstition into the Empire. *Draco*, infatuated with the senseless Dreams of Merit, was mighty benificent to these Locusts, who promis'd him strange Things beyond the Mountains in Exchange for the Goods of this Life, and he, poor Credulous Prince, confided in their impious Lies; and that no Enterprize might Prosper, he made one of the venerable Tribe Prime *Concilium*, who could be of no other use to him then either to Perplex or Betray his Councils. This eagerness

for

for Propagating the Ancient Idolatry, ſtill blinded his Senſes, and the News of a Lunatick, or Idiots being Converted to his Perſwaſion, was look'd upon as a vaſt Acceſſion to his Empire. Into theſe wretched Hands and Principles the Unfortunate *Draco* was fallen, upon his firſt admiſſion to Rule. *Mirabel*, whoſe Soul always ſtrongly inclin'd to liberty of Reaſon and Principle, finding the Religious Rights of the Empire Invaded, could not ſit down a tame Spectator of theſe Violations: The Struggles in his Breaſt at that time were Violent, betwixt Duty to his Prince and Love to the Publick. The Emperor had, from his firſt Appearance at Court, lodg'd an indulgent Eye over him, and by his Intereſt with his Brother, rais'd him to a Pitch of Diſtinction, and ſtill continued to multiply Royal Favours upon his Head. The Reflexion ſo fine a Soul muſt neceſſarily make upon his Sovereign's Bounty, could not but diſpoſe him to judge tenderly, even of thoſe Meaſures which were not ſo ſtrictly Regular, and his Duty reſtrain'd him for ſome time from expreſſing ſo much as a Coolneſs to the Proceedings of ſo indulgent a Maſter; but ſtill there was a Superior incentive from Honour, from an inborn Principle of Virtue, and Regard to the Good of the whole, which continually prompted him to meditate the Intereſts of the Community, without giving the leaſt

Umbrage of Slack'ning in his Allegiance to the Emperor; *Mirabel* in ſhort kept up to all the Punctualities of Duty; but the Emperor concluding from his backwardneſs in applauding thoſe Deſtructive Projects he was engag'd in, and not forwarding every irregular Step he took, Cloſeted him one Day to ſift his Opinion of that inſtant Poſture of Affairs: *Mirabel* was always too much upon his Guard to be drawn into a raſh Determination, and knew the Emperor's devoted Zeal too well to divert a Reſolution which his ſenſeleſs *Panims* had told him was Meritorious; whereupon he thought it the moſt prudential way to decline coming fully to the point in Queſtion, and excus'd his Reluctancy to ſome Paces he could not think ſo entirely conducive to the Welfare of the Imperial Houſe; That all his Thoughts, Deſires, and moſt ardent Wiſhes were centred in the Proſperity of his Majeſty; That he had declin'd Intereſting himſelf too warmly in ſome Meaſures that were conſulting at that time, from a Deffidence of his Experience, and the Event of them; but that in all thoſe Affairs with which his Majeſty had entruſted him, he might depend upon their being Executed faithfully, and refer'd himſelf entirely to his Diſpoſal. *Draco* tho' he could not reſiſt the Charm with which he deliver'd his Sentiments, yet was

not

not perfectly satisfy'd with his Answer. He discover'd plainly a flush of Duty and a strong Passion for the Honour of the Imperial Family; but still there was not that flowing Freedom and hearty Consent to all the violent Motions that had been made since the Emperor's Accession to the Throne. *Draco* that had been constantly flatter'd by his *Famines* and *Juridico's*, that all things both Divine and Human were resolv'd into his Absolute Will, had a wonderful Command upon his impetuous Temper at that time, and forbore urging *Mirabel's* implicit Compliance to the Sovereign Dictates. Whether he thought to draw him into a Familiarity, and good Opinion of all those irregular Proceedings by time and gentle usage, or whether he was check'd by the Sincerity of his Demeanour, or struck with the Awfulness of an unshaken Principle; or in fine, Whither his bare Countenance in the Court, and Popularity amongst the *Mandarines* might not take off the edge of his Resentment. These being Secrets Lodg'd in the Breast of *Draco*, we have no warrant for a Determination; but he dismiss'd him civilly, intimating how much Life a chearful Concurrence on his side would give to his future Undertakings. Still *Mirabel* resolv'd to maintain his Integrity, and not to be warp'd from the strait Line of Virtue, by the Dazling

Beams of Court Grandure; but for a Specimen of the Abject Temper of Princes who resign themselves up to the Discretion of a Pestilent Brood of Ecclesiasticks: The Emperor had form'd this Plot upon *Mirabel*, by the Advice of his *Panims*, some Days before, and as they are never able to conceal their Passion for Tyranny and Usurpation upon the Minds of all Mankind, one boldly ask'd *Mirabel* the next Day, What was the result of the Conference betwixt the Emperor and him: *Mirabel* soon appriz'd of the force of that Question; told him, That Princes Secrets were not be entrusted in the Hands of every Impertinent Enquirer, and bid him Mind his Lamp, and be punctual in offering up Incense to his *Pagods*; This *Panim* was the Empress *Draconia*'s chief Sacristo, and he not forgetting the Pride, Revenge, and thirst of Villany, belonging to his Order, went forthwith to the Empresses Apartment, and condol'd the unhappy State and Ignominy the Holy Tribe was expos'd to; That the Pagods and Temples were neglected, and a Contempt put upon their Sacred Worship from those who liv'd upon the Emperor's Bounty: To such a Novice in Royalty, such a Superstitious and Priest-ridden Woman, what would have fleec'd the whole Empire to have enrich'd these Pamper'd Slaves, a cooler Representation would have furnish'd out sufficient Rage; she all

Fire and Impatience, ask'd him, if any Perſon within the reach of her Power had made bold with their Sacred Rites. The *Panim* train'd up in the Black Science of Pious Frauds and Perjury, told her, *Mirabel* was the Accurſed Man; ſhe imploring the Aſſiſtance of all the Furies, Gods and Devils upon her Undertaking, vow'd a Revenge peculiar to the Natives of *Auſonia*, and took the Sacred Miſteries from the *Panim's* Hands, to conſecrate the Malice.

Once ſhe had Thoughts of ſending for *Mirabel*, and proving the force of her Charms and Authority over him; but having ſecur'd the Soul of the Emperor, whom he had reduc'd to the tameſt Condeſcenſions, ſhe thought it the ſtatelieſt and the ſureſt Method to Exaſperate the Emperor ſo far as to deny him Acceſs, and make his Ruin inevitable. To this end ſhe put on *Juno* (for in that Air ſhe was moſt Prevailing) and was reſolv'd to be the Thunderer of the Night, if ſhe fail'd of her Demand.

Draco unappriz'd of what had paſs'd, approach'd his haughty Conſort with his uſual Submiſſion; ſhe impatient of Delays, when Revenge call'd for Execution, ask'd him, If he had given a particular Toleration to *Mirabel* to Affront the *Pagods* and the venerable *Panims*? The Emperor reply'd, That ſhe could not but be convinc'd

how

how Rigid an Obſerver he was of all the Sacred Rites, and that no Vaſſal of his ſhou'd offer the leaſt Violation to them with Impunity; but that he wou'd be anſwerable for *Mirabel*'s Conduct in that Affair. After a warm Debate, *Draco* ſent for the *Panim*, and (with a ſaving Right to the Independancy of the Great Altar) conjur'd him to acquaint him with the Reaſon of this Repreſentation to the Empreſs: The *Panim*, truſting to the ſlaviſh Bigottry of the Royal Pair, told him, with an Air of confidence, That *Mirabel* had not treated his Sacred Character with that Reſpect and Veneration he thought his due, in that the Honour of the Gods was Prophan'd. If ever the Emperor was obſtinately Good, it was upon that Occaſion, and gathering up an Artificial Courage at that Juncture, told her Saucy *Sacriſte*, The Honour of the *Pagods* ſhould be always Sacred with him; but that he could not part with ſo faithful a Servant in Compliment to every Buſy and Officious Tale that was brought him, and charg'd the *Panim* to keep within the Bounds of his Holy Function for the future.

As this unexpected ſtiffneſs enrag'd the Empreſs beyond Pacification, ſo it ſtruck ſuch a Damp upon all the Pious Incendiaries of the Court, that they never after appear'd in open Hoſtility againſt *Mirabel*,

It

It was no common Dexterity in this Favourite to inſinuate himſelf ſo ſtrongly into the Affections of the Emperor, and make his Perſon and Services be thought ſo neceſſary to him, that even the Potent Enmity of *Draconia*, and the inexorable Malice of the *Panims*, were not able to ſhake, in the Opinion of the Emperor; ſuch a Fecility none attain'd to but himſelf: *Roſſenio*, a *Mandarine* of the firſt Eminence, and more ſtudious in his Compliances with the Emperor's Principle, had not the Good Fortune to eſcape the Storm; but the Conduct was wanting: His ready Concurrence to the haſty Meaſures of the Emperor at his firſt Acceſſion to the Imperial Throne, was taken as a Mark of Approbation, and look'd upon as a Pledge of entire comformity to every Arbitrary Motion his Prince ſhould prefer; ſo that heſitating in one Punctilio, after he had taken ſuch large Strides in the Service, made it look more like a Caprice of Humour then a Reſtraint from the pure Dictates of Vertue, and that he had a Mind to Article with the Emperor, as he ſhould find it moſt conducive to his Intereſt. Now *Mirabel*'s Soul was of another turn, tho' he knew all the Fineneſs of Court Policy; yet he made uſe of it rather to ward of Danger, than run himſelf into it, by Practiſing and Intriguing: From his firſt Admiſſion to a ſhare in the Adminiſtration,

niſtration, he demeaned himſelf towards the Emperor with the greateſt Simplicity, and undiſguis'd Duty, never Intereſted himſelf in Affairs, or Aſpir'd to any Station, where regard to the Publick, and Duty to his Prince ſhould be found incompatible, tho' many things paſs'd every Day, which he could by no means give into, yet they not being of his immediate Province, his Prudence reſtrain'd him from making open proteſts: His Coolneſs to all the indirect Meaſures that were taken, expreſs'd a ſufficient Diſguſt, and the Emperor after the firſt Tryal, was very tender of driving him to Extremitys.

There was one Difficulty (in which *Mirabel*'s Poſt, as *Lagato* of all the Forces of *Britomartia* involv'd him) which was almoſt inſuperable to his fine Genius and Dexterity: The Emperor reſolving to new Model the Army, and reduce all by Degrees to Pagan Superſtition, gave Orders, that all the Military Men of his Recommendation, ſhould be adimitted to their reſpective Poſts without Diſtinction, or Qualifying themſelves according to the *Decreto's* of *Britomartia*. *Mirabel* had it at Heart to preſerve that formidable Branch of Power uncorrupted, and humbly Repreſented to his Imperial Majeſty how diſguſtful ſuch a mixture of Sentiments would be to the Subject, who expected the Arms of the Empire ſhould be

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lodg'd in the Hands of the *Reformato's*, (which were the Prevailing Number) and that he durſt give his Parole for their Fidelity and Obedience. The Emperor took Fire at this Remonſtrance, and told him, He little expected an Interruption from him, in an Affair that ſo much concern'd the Security of his Royal Perſon, and that he had vouch'd for his Conduct to the Empreſs a little too haſtily. *Mirabel*, with all the Maſtery of Addreſs, beg'd the Emperor to conſider how entirely Devoted the *Reformato's* were to his Intereſt; That the Introducing Men of a different Perſuaſion might give an Umbrage to Gallant Souls, (who were all to a Man implicitely at his Command) to think they were under a ſuſpicious Character, and abate the Ardour they had for his Majeſty's Service, from the ſeeming Neglect put upon them in the Preference of others: That he had a due Regard to the Perſonal Merit of thoſe his Majeſty had been pleas'd to fix ſo diſtinguiſhing a Mark of Favour upon; but that an uncontroulable Zeal for his Honour, and the Intereſt he wiſh'd his Majeſty in the Hearts of his People, had drawn him into that Freedom.

Mirabel's Advice had always the good Fortune to be interpreted equal to the Candour and Sincerity with which it was given, and tho' the Emperor was fully prepar'd

to

to give him a diſmiſſion, ſtill there was a Superiority of Genius, or commanding Force, in what *Mirabel* ſaid or did, which could not be reſiſted. The Emperor at his departure, told him, Since thoſe ſmall Indulgences went ſo much againſt his Stomach, he would take that Affair entirely into his Hand, and bid him remember to keep the *Reformato's* in Obedience, and he would Anſwer for thoſe of his own Choice. This Storm ſo happily weather'd, *Mirabel* had little upon his Hands during the Courſe of that ſhort Reign, but only to Pay his Court, and keep himſelf upon proper Reſerves: *Draco* from that time grew impetuous in all his Meaſures, and tho' his *Panims* were continually torturing him about the Honour and Eſtabliſhment of the *Pagods* throughout the Empire; yet there was a Race of Eccleſiaſtick *Montalti* amongſt the *Reformato's*, that contributed equally to his Tyranny and Unlimited Sway: An abject Mercenary Crew, that had Sold all their Intereſt in Heaven for the ſake of Preferment on Earth, and would have ſubmitted to all the Violations of Birth-Right, Law and Reaſon, ſo they might have the Command, in their turn, over the Conſciences and Minds of the deluded *Vulgo*. Theſe Spiritual Cheats had ſo far poſſeſs'd the Mind of *Draco* with Unreſerv'd Submiſſion, that he ſoon was encourag'd to break through all the Fundamentals

Fundamentals of the Empire, and laid waſte all the ſtanding *Decreto's* by his Diſpenſing Power. The *Montalti* were ſatisfy'd ſo long as the Sacrifices came whole to the Temple, and without the leaſt Reluctance would have blended with the Worſhip of the *Pagods*; but *Draco* preſuming too far upon their ſolemn Perjuries, and breaking in upon the Revenues of their Temples, they ſoon ſhow'd how prevailing Nature was above Principle, and left the Unfortunate *Draco* a pity'd Monument of their Hypocriſy and faithleſs Vows.

This ſudden Change of the *Montalti*, threw the whole Empire into terrible Convulſions; which being heightned by a *Spariato* the Empreſs *Draconia* endeavour'd to impoſe upon the People, threw all Degrees of Men into the utmoſt Rage and Confuſion. This was ſoon attended with an Invaſion from the *Archon* of *Aurantio*. The Emperor too late convinc'd of his Weakneſs, and the confidence he had repos'd in the *Montalti*, was at a plunge for Advice: In that preſſing Juncture he had recourſe to *Mirabel*, who without reproaching him for his want of Precaution, and contempt of better Counſel, frankly told him, the only hopeful Expedient left, was to Summon the *Mandarines* and *Proatins* of the Empire, and ſubmit the Redreſs of Grievances to their Judgment. There was too much Obſtinacy

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wove into the Soul of *Draco*, which he had by Traduction from his Predeceſſors, to admit of ſuch free Enquiries, which would neceſſarily Start in that Great Aſſembly, and eying *Mirabel* with a peculiar fierceneſs, tho' the *Montalti*, ſays he, have prov'd Apoſtates, yet ſurely I may depend upon the *Reformato's* in the Army; the Poyſon is not ſpread ſo far I hope, and tho' the Prieſts of that Perſuaſion are vers'd in Subtle Arts to elude Religion and Allegiance, when Profit or Revenge inſpires; yet Men of Honour ſtill retain their Loyalty without Diſtinctions: *Mirabel* touch'd with the Calamities of the Emperor, forbore enlarging his Grief, by declaring his Opinion; but being preſs'd, told him, he was apprehenſive the Malignity had diffus'd it ſelf thro' the whole Army, and therefore conjur'd him to call the *Mandarines* and *Praetius* together, which would be a more formidable Guard to him then all the Gallant Armado he depended upon: *Draco's* Fate was inevitable, and no perſuaſion could bring him to Reaſon. *Mirabel* dutifully renew'd his Entreaties, till the Emperor imprudently told him, He ſhould look upon him as a Traytor if he once more urg'd a Propoſal ſo Derogatory to the Honour of his Imperial Crown, and ſeem'd Reſolute to Decide the Fate of Empire by the Sword. *Mirabel* accompany'd him in that fatal Expedition, ſtill begging him to comply, till at length

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the Emperor told him, he look'd upon him as Impertinent, and if Success Crown'd the Day, he should be the first Instance of his Resentment. *Mirabel* tho' thus unseasonably provok'd, yet the Ties of Duty and Gratitude were so twisted with his Soul, that no Menaces of the Emperor could Divert him from his Duty; and to give weight to his Private Sentiments, he gain'd over a considerable Body of *Mandarines* to Second his Representation to the Emperor: Thus Associated, they made an Humble Address that he would even in the last Exigency of his Affairs, think of hearing his faithful People, and their own Lives and Fortunes should be concluded by his Majesty's Judgment. This rather heightned than assuag'd his former Opinion of *Mirabel*'s Defection, and the *Mandarines* were all driven from the Presence with Threats and Contempt. The Disdain with which they were Treated, gave a visible Disgust to the whole Illustrious Body, and the Resentments were too visible to be conceal'd. The Danger was then too pressing to part tamely, and they all retir'd by Consent to a *Choultry* in the Town, to consult of the best Expedient for rendring the Unhappy Circumstances of the Prince's Obstinacy less Calamitous then it seem'd to Presage: Some of the *Mandarines* irritated beyond

the Race of Duty, and Temper, declar'd boldly, That the Bonds of Allegiance were Diſſolv'd, by the Emperor's not accepting of their Advice, according to the Standing *Decreto's* of the Empire, and that they were neceſſitated to ſeek Protection from another Quarter: Others, ſofter in their Reflections, pity'd the Malignity of his over-ruling Star, but were for waiting a more favourable Iſſue; Whilſt a Third pronoune'd there was no Delay to be admitted; That a dull Neutrality at that time might Involve them in greater Calamities then they were at preſent endeavouring to Oppoſe, and that, as for their Parts, they had determin'd to be with the *Archon* of *Aurantio* by the next break of Light: Here *Mirabel* could not conceal a riſing Surge of mix'd Paſſions; his Soul was Diſtracted between Horror and Pity; his regret at the Thoughts of abandoning his Old Maſter, threw him into violent Conflicts, whilſt Tenderneſs for his Bleeding Country abated the Rigour of his former Thoughts, and prompted him to think the latter the more forceable Call: That Courage which an Embattell'd Army could not Shake, a Senſe of Gratitude had rendred Languid, and he had no Power to move: At length, Summoning all the ſcatter'd Senſes, he found the Good of the Community Superior to all other Obligations, and

yielded

yielded up his Intereſt, the firſt Poſt in his Prince's Favour, and (what was of the laſt Struggle with him) Gratitude to the irreſiſtable Motive of pure Vertue, and ſo extenſive a Good: However, to take off the Surprize of his Departure, and qualify the firſt Motions of Rage the Emperor would probably be tranſported to, he left his Reaſons behind him in a ſmall Tablet, which (how ſhort ſoever they fell of giving Satisfaction to the Emperor) none can Read without taking a part in the Agonies *Mirabel* felt in that neceſſary, but painful Deſertion. The *Archon* of *Aurentio*, tho' join'd in his Progreſs by large Fluxes of the Populace, look'd upon them no more then confus'd Sounds; the *Mandarines* were the Perſons on whom he rely'd to give Credit to his Undertaking: Among theſe, none could promiſe himſelf a heartier welcome than *Mirabel*, who, beſides the Perſonal Merit he brought along with him, had ſuch an Influence upon *Draco's* Army, that from the Minute he withdrew, every one began to ſuſpect the Juſtice of the Cauſe he was engag'd in, and grew Diſpirited. The Panick which ſeiz'd them at that time, prevented the Effuſion of Blood, and open'd *Aurantio's* Paſſage to the Capitol.

Draco being driven from the Throne by his ill Conduct, the Brave *Archon* of *Aurantio* ſucceeded to the Imperial Scepter,

who being train'd up in Arms from his Infancy, knew what value to put upon the accompliſh'd *Mirabel*. The new Emperor, tho' frugal in his Talk, would now and then Indulge a Profuſeneſs in asking *Mirabel* Queſtions about the impending War and feats of Arms, and dwell upon that Memorable Storm of *Maſtracio*. He confeſs'd to him that he had a very doubtful Opinion of the Succeſs of his Expedition to *Britomartia*, till his Arrival in the Camp; That his Preſence was a more certain preſage of Succeſs then all the hopeful Auguries of Antient Times; and, in fine, that his Single Perſon brought a greater Acceſſion of Strength to his Cauſe, then a total Revolt of *Draco*'s Army. As the Emperor *Aurentio* had many powerful Friends, ſo he had likewiſe drawn upon himſelf as potent Enemies, by his late Attempt upon *Britomartia*. The long neglected Shields were now furbiſh'd up, and the Ruſty Armour began to Gliſten in every Quarter: His Reign was likely to be a long Scence of Action, and promis'd a fruitful Harveſt of Glorious Exploits, and *Mirabel*, whoſe Soul continually breath'd after Gallantry, had now a fair Opportunity of making a bright Figure upon the Warlike Theatre: He was made *Legato* afreſh of the Imperial Forces, and ſent to reduce ſome Rebels to Obedience in the Kingdom

of

of *Jerno*: That Expedition did not cool under his Management: He ſoon brought them to pay Homage to the New Emperor, and return'd with the Spoils of Conqueſt: But this was too narrow a Field for his Great Soul; He long'd to be engag'd in the very Centre of Glory, wheer Danger gap'd wide on every Hand, and daring Enterprizes inſpir'd freſh Ardour; where unbroken Ranks fell in regular Heaps, and diſcover'd a Noble Firmneſs in the laſt Stuggles of Life: 'Twas not long, before the Emperor gratify'd his Thirſt of Glory, by ſending him over to a freſh Campaign in *Flandriaca*. The unweary'd Marches and Countermarches *Mirabel* made to bring the Enemy to an Engagement, ſhow'd his Eagerneſs of Soul; but the wary Generals of *Liliana* declining the Onſet, he was forc'd to end that Campaign likewiſe, without that full Scope of Execution he had Propos'd. Some time after *Mirabel* was laid aſide and diveſted of his Command in the Army, to the great Surprize of *Britomartia*. There was a Popular Story ſpread at that time, and obtain'd amongſt the Vulgar, to make his Diſgrace more Colourable, and according to the Cuſtom of the *Britomartians*, made its way without Enquiry. The Charge laid againſt *Mirabel* was Betraying a Secret by a partial Indulgence to *Mirabella*, who made her Siſter, then ſojourning

in the Court of *Liliana*, Privy to the whole Affair. The Imputation was ſo Scandalouſly falſe, that it never mov'd the Soul of *Mirabel* to a reply, and he retir'd with the Conſciouſneſs of his own Vertue.

The truth of the Story lies thus: *Aurantio* having form'd a Deſign upon *Dundiria*, and engag'd the Governor to a Revolt, he conſulted *Tolbozio*, his Prime *Scrivan*, about forwarding the Execution of his Project. *Tolbozio*, who always affected a Reſerve in Council, and courted the aſſiſtance of more Heads, in order to Screen his avow'd Treachery, told the Emperor, that it being an Affair more peculiarly depending upon Military Advice, it was neceſſary to join a Man of the firſt Experience in thoſe Affairs, to the Meaſures Debated: He was too well acquainted with the Emperor's Sagacity not to know who would be the Man firſt call'd upon to expedite that Project: The Emperor fell into the Snare he had laid, and nam'd *Mirabel* as the only Perſon fit for the Proſecution of the Deſign: *Talbozio*, when he had fix'd the Emperor in his Choice, declin'd the Intereſt of an Affair (he pretended) he was no ways Equal to, and told his Imperial Majeſty that the Civil Part of the Adminiſtration was a Weight he was but juſt Capable of Suſtaining: The deluded Emperor imputing his diſſembled Modeſty to a ſin-

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cere Diffidence, Acquitted him of that Part of the Charge, and apply'd himſelf entirely to *Mirabel*. *Talbozio*, who was but a New Convert to the *Reformato's*, and had chang'd his Principle purely to Eſtabliſh the Religion of *Polytheſia*, under a legal Cover, fail'd not to acquaint the Court of *Liliana* with the firſt Motions of that *Concert*. He being from the firſt Ope of Manhood given up to private Luxury, and Love of the Fair Sex, could not withſtand the Sollicitations from thoſe ſoft Quarters. The King of *Liliana*, knowing his Weak Side, ſent over privately *Campaſpe*, who had waited upon *Valeria*, one of his diſcarded Miſtreſſes: She ſoon found a way to his Heart, and a free acceſs to all the Private Councils of *Britomartia*: This *Madonna* was ſufficiently inſtructed before ſhe came over, to be made barely a Property of Pleaſure, much leſs of his impotent Offerings, and therefore aſſum'd a Privilege of knowing what paſs'd at the *Conſulto's*; ſhe broke in upon all his Reſerves, unravell'd the *Politico*, and made him open the Cloſet of his Soul. He, divided between Caution and Love, made a ſtand for ſome time; but ſhe, well acquainted with her Influences, and his Fears, brought him intirely under ſubjection: She gain'd the Secret, and, under his Protection, convey'd it to *Liliana*;

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but leaſt there ſhould be any Engines wanting to the Ruine of *Aurantio*, and the *Reformato's*, *Talbozio* kept a *Panim* in his Houſe, who was a Sacriſto to him formerly, to whom he had given Paſsports, and ſent him over to *Liliana* with Weekly Intelligence: With theſe Helps the Enemy could not fail of being more then once aſſur'd of the Deſign in Hand. Whilſt *Mirabel* was buſy in laying Schemes for the Execution of it, the Secret was broke on the ſudden, and the Unfortunate *Governado* put to the Torture: *Aurantio* ſoon appriz'd of the Misfortune and Defeat of his Project, was aſtoniſh'd, and knew not where to fix the Miſcarriage: He found *Mirabel* active and warm upon the Deſign to the very laſt; nay, he was ſatisfy'd, according to the Plan laid, that *Mirabel* was reſolv'd to ſignalize himſelf upon that Occaſion, and penetrate into the Heart of *Liliana*: That he had thro' the whole Circle of the Affair, acted with ſuch Freedom and Openneſs of Soul, that he could not ſuſpect him: *Talbozio*, who had quitted the Affair very early, in order to deceive the more plauſibly, was charg'd home by the Emperor. He taking Advantage from the backwardneſs he expreſs'd at firſt, to any Concerns ſo Forreign to his Capacity, and renewing his Vows and Wiſhes for the Emperor's Proſperity

Proſperity and Succeſs, gain'd ſo far upon that Prince, that he had not Power to preſs it any farther, tho' he was ſatisfy'd *Mirabel* was Innocent.

The whole Empire was in a Flame upon the Miſcarriage, and *Mirabel* being laid aſide at that Diſtracted Juncture, gave the Populace an occaſion to fix the Blemiſh upon him: But alas! the Cauſe of his Diſgrace was more remote: *Aurantio*, by too partial a Connivance, had ſuffered the beſt Poſts of *Britomartia* to be Engroſs'd by his Favourites of *Belgiana*, put a diſtinguiſhing Mark upon their Services and Councils, and had not ſo well aſſerted the Precedency belonging to the *Britomartians* in the Army. *Mirabel*, always juſt to the Glory of his Country, repreſented to his Majeſty that many Subjects of *Britomartia* were very Deſerving, and would be found Equal to the higheſt Truſts, and anſwer the Confidence his Majeſty ſhould pleaſe to Repoſe in them: That the Difference his Majeſty made in Promotions was a great Diſcouragement to thoſe who coveted nothing ſo much as to lay down their Lives, and Sacrifice their Fortunes in his Service, and that the Army of *Britomartia* wanted but a little Encouragement to exceed all the Troops of the World, and make him the greateſt Emperor. *Aurantio*, tho' poſſeſs'd with

a Thousand adoreable Qualities, had the Misfortune to pass a wrong Construction upon this Humble Advice, and told *Mirabel*, in the Language of *Liliana*, He had found a great many more Tutors than he expected, since he came to *Britannia*; but that he would take care to lessen the Number. *Mirabel* looking upon that short Answer as a Courtly Dismission from the Service, resign'd his Commission that Night to the Emperor, and retir'd from all Publick Employments.

FINIS.